

1915

## The Norm, 1915-07

Oregon Normal School

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# THE NORM



Summer Edition

1914



Donated 6/2/95 by Janette Bumbarger Bair  
Bissell, in memory of her late husband,  
Robert Bair's mother, Ella Powell, who  
attended school in 1914.

To the new member of the Faculty  
**Louise Anne Evenden**  
We, the students of the summer Normal  
dedicate this Norm

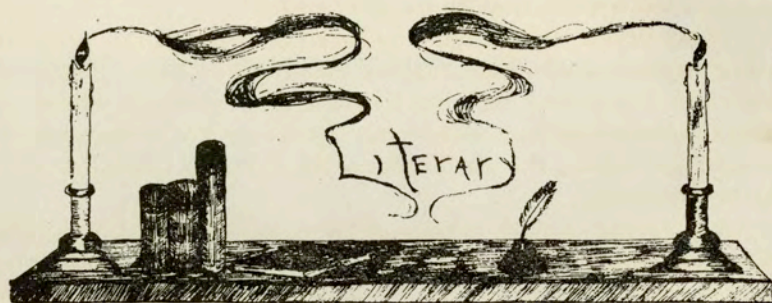


# The Norm

VOL. III

SUMMER, 1914

No. 6



## The Daughter of the Mill

*Prize Story by LILLIE SCHMILILI*

**M**R. FORBES! O, Mr. Forbes!" Outside the heavy, red iron-picket gate that separates the inquisitive public from the rumble and whirl of the machine shops of the Osbourne Mill Company stood a little girl. She was only a wisp of a girl of eleven or twelve at the most. A stiffly starched, faded, blue gingham dress scarcely covered her bare brown knees. Her sandy hair was braided in two tight braids and wound precisely around her head. In one hand she carried a shining tin dinner pail; with the other she tugged at the gate.

"O, Mr. Forbes!"

The workman standing at the bench nearest the gate dropped his tools with a great show of haste. There was a mischievous twinkle in the corner of his eye when he came to raise the bar and let her in.

"Well now, look 'a there," he exclaimed in mock astonishment as he gave the offending gate a hearty wrench. "I nearly forgot

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something this time, sure as you're born. Ole Jim Carew came purty nigh not getting a hot lunch for once in his life, jest on account of me."

The child slipped quickly through to his side. "Yes, an' I nearly forgot somethin' that I've got for you today. You purty nigh don't deserve to get it." As he bent over to readjust the lock she planted a quick kiss on his grimy cheek.

There was a burst of good-natured laughter from two or three other workmen who had watched this little by-play. But already the child was gone. Holding the pail very carefully she marched into the main building and began threading her accustomed way, in and out among the machines, to the farthest corner where her father worked.

A piercing whistle shrieked through the plant proclaiming the noon hour. Here and there, in the different departments, and in stations up and down the river, little whistles took up the call. Alert workmen touched buttons and applied brakes. The clatter and rumble began to die away to a noisy purr, and finally came to an abrupt stop.

"Hello, Daddy!" An elderly, gray-haired, slant-shouldered man set down his oil can and drew off the greasy jumper that was the badge of his work.

"Hello, little daughter. Just in time again. That pail sure lifts heavy today. Got something extry good for lunch?"

"'Deed I have, Daddy. There's a 'sprise in there. I picked them and mother made them up. Can't we sit down right here on the floor under the window to eat? I see a big clean place and it's nice an' cool."

"Sure. So you're going to eat with your old daddy today, are you?" He slid stiffly down on the floor, rested his back against the wall, and made room for her beside him.

"Get your dress out of the way of that wheel there." His calloused hand reached out and gently stroked down the folds. "There's grease most anywhere around machinery. Besides if the wheel should happen to start up you'd get caught."

"Oh, Daddy, I'll be careful—I wasn't really going to eat with you though. I had lunch before I left, you know. There's just one thing in there for me—in the 'sprise. Here it is." She delicately raised the paper cover of a dish and revealed wild blackberry pie, brown and flaky.



"Daddy! It's the very first! You know down there by the pasture—that's where I found them. It's all for you but this little sliver. I'm going to eat it for company. That's all now. Let me have just one swallow of coffee out of the tin to wash it down with. Now, I've got to go. Goodby, Daddy."

"Goodby, little daughter." The deep-set eyes of the old oiler followed her until she turned a corner around a machine and was gone. Then he pushed his pail away, folded his arms across his chest wearily, and stared at the rusty toes of his cowhide shoes till the whistle summoned him back to work.

Meanwhile the child threaded her way lightly in and out, among the machinery. Here and there she passed men in groups of twos and threes eating their lunches. They lounged on the floor for the most part, and talked as they ate—mill gossip or the headlines of the morning paper; but many took time to give her a nod or a friendly look as she passed.

"Likely kid that, of old Carew's," said one to his neighbor.

"I've got half a dozen just as likely at home," reported the other. "But she sure is a handy little body. She's been teachin' a couple of my young 'uns to swim in the river of late. They say she's like a duck—nothin' she can't do. I don't know as I ever heard her name. Old Carew calls her Daughter. All the fellers have took to watchin' for her at noon. Mike Wilson at the gate has christened her the 'Daughter of the Mill'—It's a dirty shame the way they've done her father. Just what's comin' to all of us sooner or later, I reckon."

Jim Carew was twenty minutes late to supper. He came heavily up the back steps and set the tin pail on the table in the kitchen. Then he went on into the living room without stopping to change his shoes for the carpet slippers that were waiting, and dropped down on the sofa.

"Supper's ready, Dad."

"Where's your ma? Tell her to come in." Mrs. Carew, gray and nervous, came and sized up the dejected figure of her husband.

"What's the matter, Jim?" she trembled.

"It's come, Ma—as I told you," he began dully, fumbling at his vest pocket and drawing out a crumpled pay check. "The boss told me I needn't report tomorrow. I'm discharged." His wife dropped down on the sofa beside him. By and by she hid her

face in her toilworn hands and began to cry noiselessly. The clock on the wall ticked off the time, and the cat came in and mewed around the legs of the table but supper remained untouched.

\* \* \* \* \*

On a beautiful rise of ground above the mills loomed the home of the general superintendent. This gentleman was reclining in his library chair poring over the latest political situation as expounded by his favorite political magazine when he thought he heard something at the door. It wasn't the bell. The maids would have answered that promptly. It seemed to be a timid rap, repeated at intervals. He went himself to see what it meant.

"Good evening." A brown bit of a girl, breathless, bare-headed, and barefooted, slipped into the room much as she had slipped through the mill gate earlier in the day. The superintendent looked her over in surprise that was not evident in the polite "What can I do for you," with which he addressed her.

"I came to see you about my Daddy. He's fired at the mills. He said so tonight, when he came home. It's not fair for you to fire my Daddy because he's gettin' old. He's worked in your mill a long, long time. He even helped to build the mill. I know—he showed me the very place he worked on one day." Her little voice trembled with earnestness and her gray eyes filled but she went on—"And he was proud he came early enough to be there to help build it, 'cause now he can almost feel like it's a part his."

Superintendent Burns was a man of kindly intentions. A strange huskiness gripped him by the throat.

"Are you the little lady who manages to get through the mill gate every day with her father's lunch?"

"Yes'm—I mean Yes sir!" she acknowledged, blushing. "I started when the big machine killed my brother 'cause Daddy felt so lonesome—then; an' he got kinda' used to see me comin' so I never stopped."

"I see." There was a hush between them. The superintendent's own little daughter, all ready for the promised evening drive, tripped gaily into the room, but withdrew in round-eyed wonder when she saw her father's caller.

"There must have been some mistake," he deliberated at length. "I think I know your father. He has been a good



workman for many years. Tell him I will make it right in the morning."

\* \* \* \* \*

Jim Carew's cottage, small and plain, and exactly like its neighbors, was one of the many cottages in the mill settlement on the upper river, almost at the water's edge.

The humble homes had emptied themselves of their younger occupants for the time between daylight and dusk and many children were playing on the river bank as his little daughter came by.

Back near the fringe of bushes one group had built a camp-fire and Indian-like was preparing a feast of potatoes. Others played in the sand or waded in the shallow water, and still others—two enterprising little chaps of nine or ten—had stationed themselves on a light board raft and were having great sport poling it about. Absorbed in their play they were well away from the bank when a call warned them of the danger of the current. At that moment the boys themselves recognized their position and made efforts to get back to land. For a little time they worked desperately but only succeeded in pushing farther in-stream. Then a dread fear clutched them and in terror they shouted for assistance.

The cries cut cold into the hearts of the children safe on land. Not a child was now unconscious of the awful peril; not one but had been warned time and again against the grasping death-hand of the Falls. No one stirred; no one so much as whispered.

Into the midst of their passive fascination broke a girlish treble, shrill and stinging.

"Jack Peters! Will! We can swim!"

The three struck out. By this time the little boys, still clinging to their useless poles, were huddled together helpless. Inch by inch the current sucked them in.

The swimmers easily covered the short distance to the raft. Would they be able to direct its course shoreward? They pushed. It tipped slightly and the children on board screamed. They pushed again. It seemed to stand still. An now it crept slowly—toward safety.

In a twinkling the spirits of the children on the sand revived. They laughed and cheered because their comrades were rescued. Meanwhile the little boys on the raft, unconscious of the element

of danger they introduced for the swimmers, began to feel for bottom with their poles. One pole struck and their ungainly craft gave an unexpected lurch. At the same instant a sharp cry of pain rang out and a little girl head disappeared beneath the water. Only once again it bobbed up, pitifully alone, far in-stream. And then it was gone and the Falls swirled in triumph.

\* \* \* \* \*

About a month later, in the various mill departments, beneath the time clocks, there appeared the following:

#### NOTICE!

The management of the Osbourne Mill Company at a recent meeting have decided to create for the benefit of the employees, a retirement fund. According to the provisions of this fund any employee after twenty-five years service for the company shall be eligible to retirement on full salary at any time he may designate.

It is the desire of the management that this fund be known as the Carew Memorial, in memory of Eloise Carew, better known to many of the employees as the "Daughter of the Mill."

Signed—JAS. BURNS, Gen. Supt.

#### A Bit of Advice

Smile a bit, O teachers!

Be happy while you're here,  
The world is dark enough at best,  
It needs your bit of cheer.

Smile a bit, O teachers!

All you who would be wise.  
This world is old and sad enough  
It does not need your sighs.

—A Student.

#### HIS BETTER HALF

Modest Suitor—"I am going to marry your sister, Johnny, but I know I am not good enough for her."

Little Brother—"That's what Sis says, but Ma's been telling her she can't do any better."



### *The Battlefield*

On Monmouth fields, a battle wages,  
Under guidance of stern command:  
Not because of the soldier's outrages,  
But because of the love for fellow man.

Who are the soldiers in yonder divisions?  
Who is the General proud and grand?  
Are they fighting to kill the millions?  
"No. Their fight is for the uplift of man."

Look at the ranks of five hundred contenders,  
Noble in thoughts and ease of mien;  
Look at the General, happiest of commanders,  
"Courage of the commonplace," his daily theme.

There in that field of promising victories,  
Struggle those soldiers, all in the van;  
Generals they'll be and ever victorious,  
Guiding armies for the uplift of man.

No battle e'er fought with more perils,  
Their reward, not gold, but moral gain;  
Soldiers upholding life's highest ideals,  
With the garlands of victory, the uplift of man.

Those are soldiers determined, yet honored oppugners,  
Drilled in the fort of intellectual aim;  
Their skill is proclaimed by the State's advancement,  
And they sing the praise of dear Oregon's fame.

Those contestants are sure to win glories,  
Led through the fight by General Ackerman;  
Ignorance and sin are their daily enemies,  
Yet bravely they hold the fort of the O. S. N.

Three cheers for the General and his noble co-workers,  
Three cheers for the 500 instructors of men;  
Three cheers for the 1914 class of promoters,  
Praising the best College on Earth—The O. S. N.  
—Floyd D. Moore (Clackamas Co.)

### *Reflected Rays*

Do you e'er on a walk in forest or street,  
Be your spirits elated or low,  
Detect in the faces of friends that you meet,  
A reflect of your innermost soul?

Do you ever when feeling quite sullen or blue,  
And everything seems to go wrong;  
See revealed in your neighbors and friends, the same hue  
That makes your heart barren of song?

Or, again when you are in good rollicking cheer,  
Because a dear friend's come to town;  
Do you notice in any one seeing you near  
The least little trace of a frown?

Just imagine that you are the sun for a day,  
The people about you the moon;  
The reflect will depend on the strength of your ray,  
By its kind you will know yourself soon.

Then let's to this thought set our mind,  
That our rays shall be happy and long;  
And thus we will make all about us most kind  
And good and noble and strong.  
—A. G. S. (Clackamas Co.)

L. H.—Stop looking at me will you?  
V. H.—I'm not looking at you?  
L. H.—What are you looking at then?  
V. H.—Space.  
L. H.—Space?  
V. H.—Yes, your mouth is open.



## The American School Ma'am Abroad

ONE beautiful summer morning a large, massive steamship glided slowly out of New York harbor and among the many passengers was a happy and elated bachelor girl, who when standing upon terra-firma posed as an American school teacher.

This being was myself. Who I was, and whether my features were sharp, my tone masterful, and my eyes arranged so that I could see behind me, matters little, but the fact that I was aboard the vessel and that I had an aim in view was sufficient for me and I hope will be for you. This aim was to visit the renowned and systematic German school. Many had told me I would be unable to do so, that they were very exclusive and that many formalities would have to be gone through with, but I had influential friends and I was hopeful.

There was a dear old grandfather over there and a few days after my arrival, he went to the proper authorities to secure the much-coveted permission. Word was sent me the following day at noon that it would give them much pleasure to have me visit their school. This messenger escorted me thither as my brain was busily trying to formulate the Fatherland sentences which, of course, I must make in response to their greeting. However, I was soon at ease as the kindly superintendent, who had reigned in this particular institution the past twenty-two years, greeted me so cordially at the door.

The students in this school were all boys and the instructors were also of the sterner sex. I was conducted to the rest room where these most worthy informants met at the close of each period, to gain renewed strength by resting and smoking for the next strenuous duty of imparting knowledge.

I was introduced to each and all formally and courteously and I might almost say reverently. Later, I inquired the meaning of this and was told that the German pedagogue's social standing ranks very high, in fact an old peasant remarked rather sarcastic-

ally that the school teachers actually considered themselves as ranking next to the nobility. Well, I thought to myself, in our dear glorious country we have no nobility so according to this standard the pedagogue ranks first in America, and a little later this surely proved true when the great American republic chose a very able one as its leader.

Very soon I was chatting freely with this group of heretofore strangers and asking questions which they seemed eager to answer, and responding as gladly to their desire to know something of our American schools.

At the end of each period I was gallantly and proudly conducted to the different class rooms where I saw excellent work. When asked how our work compared with theirs, I calmly assured them, while great blue halos of smoke were circling about me, that our best schools compared very favorably with theirs. I said this with a beaming face for we all know that the German nation is unspeakably proud of its schools and I tried to soften the blow by delivering it with an angelic smile.

The extreme politeness of the German people is a marked characteristic. They are courteous to each other but remarkably so to a stranger. When talking to the teachers or children at school or in the home or if I chanced to meet them on the street, this apparently polished mannerism never wavered. Even the very small boy raised his hat as I passed.

I wished especially to come in close contact with the children and just when I felt I was succeeding a fond mother told me that her little boy had come home and cried out, "Mamma, Mamma, das ist eine schone Amerikanische Lehrerin, aber—sie hat einen grossen Hut." Could it be possible the attraction had been my hat? As it was now fall I immediately purchased a smaller one from their own shops hoping that by this means they would at least get a glimpse of something besides the hat. To these people it mattered little whether my name was Smith, Jones or Frieheit. To them I stood for "America" the land of Indians, wild animals and white bread, and I had almost committed the folly of completely hiding this revelation under a huge, black, flower-be-decked hat.

In some of the schools I was earnestly requested to conduct an English recitation. I enjoyed this immensely as the instructors spoke a halting, stumbling, crude English and I am sure the



majority of the students had never heard clear, concise English. Germany prefers the mother's English to the daughter's American English (she has an idea we have degenerated somewhat); but I think I can truthfully say that I, a native-born American, spoke the German tongue more fluently than any native-born German, in this place at least, spoke the English tongue. I think the reason for this may be that they are constantly surrounded by poor models although some of them claimed they had spent some time in England but they evidently had not remained long enough. When they return they pass this crude English on to others. Foreigners who come to our land readily learn the English language because they are invariably surrounded by good models so that their imitation soon loses its foreign accent and the only deplorable thing about this is that they frequently meet some of our poorer models and perhaps unconsciously absorb and imitate some of our "American slang."

It is a common experience that American students rather ridicule and do not enjoy forming the throaty guttural sound of "ch" found in so many German words and a great deal of practice is usually needed to make this a smooth flowing sound. Now I had never noticed that the English language had any peculiar or difficult sound but when I found a class reading Longfellow's poems, of which they are very fond, and I was asked to criticize the lesson, I kindly told them that they made rather bad work of the sound th which they insisted on calling "ze." After repeated attempts on their part I finally set up a slightly magnified model but even this did not seem to produce results. In desperation the teacher finally said, "Many pardons, fraulein but ze children do not like to stick out zer tongue." Truly one nation can learn from another and both can prove that either part of the tongue's terminus is useful when wielded skilfully and adroitly.

At another school a class of girls was reading "Rule Britannica." I made no criticism this time on the placing of the lingual apparatus but I am sure had Queen Mary heard this her never failing companion, the parasol, would have been raised in indignation.

But I would like to tell you of a history class in which the subject was the beautiful and historical Rhine. What pride and love shone in the faces of teacher and pupil as they told me of their beloved river and adjacent shore. Bingen, The Mouse

Tower, The Lorelli, the cathedral at Cologne, The Rhinefalls, the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, the little town of Bonn, its vineyards and castles, and lastly the great monument which guarded this mighty river, were but a few of the many spots where stories of fact and fable were interwoven and related by these sprightly little minds. A little later when I sailed up this interesting river, I did not wonder that it had engendered a great national pride.

Great care is taken in their schools that the weaker or abnormal children are separated from the others and the best care and attention is given them. A few, looked to me as already having the faces of criminals and surely this is the first wise and practical step toward the prevention of crime.

I visited other classes and have but one criticism to make on the German school and that is that it does not import native born English instructors to teach a fluent, voluble English just as our best American schools secure their German instructors so frequently from the Fatherland. However, this criticism may not be true of all German towns but it was a very evident truth of this beautiful little city, often fondly called, by its inhabitants, "The Rose City."

I received a kind invitation from several to remain there at least a year and give lessons in English not as an instructor in their schools, but to the different teachers scattered about the city. I graciously and I trust gracefully declined, for I was very sure that when the majestic old "Amerika" with my friends aboard, became a mere speck on the horizon the lump in my throat would not compensate me for all the good English I might teach this courteous, industrious and well-behaved nation and so I bade this beautiful and historical country farewell.

I was not sorry I had made this decision, when after again crossing the deep blue sea and my native land in sight, I gazed at the stately "Goddess of Liberty" as she stood there waiting to welcome her children home. I was glad that I was born a daughter of America.

—J. R. H.

Mr. Sturgill said while teaching a class in Grammar, "Now, if there is anyone who has gone to sleep, we'll let him read the next sentence." Just then the unsuspecting Mr. O'Reiley proceeded to read the sentence, much to the amusement of the class.



### Comrades

This session soon will be ended,  
 And I shall be going my way,  
 Taking with me the sunshine  
 To brighten each dreary day.  
 You may say that I am dreaming  
 When this thought thus comes to my mind,  
 But I know that I can attain success,  
 If I leave not this brightness behind.  
 The light of which I am speaking,  
 Is not the light of the sun—  
 But the fire of co-operation,  
 And the comradeship of each one  
 Of us who are striving together,  
 To climb up the ladder of fame.  
 'Tis easy amid such surroundings  
 For ambition to burst into flame.  
 And when this winter I'm stationed  
 Far away from you all,  
 With few that are near to encourage,  
 And the things I have done seem small,  
 It is then that I shall remember  
 The glorious days spent here,  
 And facts that make my day sunshine,  
 And fill my heart with cheer.  
 That from the plains of the Inland Empire  
 To the sunlit hills of the strand  
 Many another teacher  
 Is making a braver stand.  
 And I'll say to myself at that moment,  
 No matter how weak I may be,  
 I will not give up the struggle  
 Until it ends in victory.  
 Though far apart we are fighting,  
 Each seeming alone in the storm,  
 We will still bear up the Standard,  
 The standard of the Norm(al).

Long Creek, Oregon.

—W. S. Caverhill.



The supervisors, from left to right are: (Top row) E. R. Peterson, of Jackson county; Joseph Brenner, of Linn; Prof. M. S. Pittman, Oregon Normal School; J. H. Jack, of Washington county, and L. V. Macken, of Polk.

(Second row) A. I. O'Reilly, C. H. Aylesworth, C. R. Stahlman and Miss Jennie Bossen, of Lane; Miss Ida Mae Smith, of Yamhill, and J. W. L. Smith, of Marion.

(Bottom row) These are the teachers who are interested in supervisory work, and who were enrolled in the supervision class. From left to right—Mr. Bixby, Mrs. Edna Condon, Miss V. M. Copenhaver, Mrs. Janet Grant, Miss Simmons and Mr. Dunham. Mrs. Cornelius, supervisor from Marion county, was also a member of the class.

### The Class in Rural Supervision

To increase their efficiency, this group of supervisors and teachers enrolled as students in the supervision courses.

As director of this work, Prof. M. S. Pittman has rendered a highly efficient service to his students and through them to the



Oregon school system at large. For this reason, all students under Mr. Pittman's instruction feel that they owe him a debt that cannot easily be paid.

A few of the many interesting and helpful topics discussed were:

Why have a supervisor?

How does supervision of schools compare in returns with supervision of business enterprises?

Supervision in Oregon compared with that in other progressive states.

Means of improving the supervisory system.

How can standardization be successfully used?

How to help the teacher grow.

How to improve the quality of the pupils' work.

There was also special study of school architecture, heating, lighting, sanitation, play ground apparatus, consolidation, economic maintenance and administration.

Before leaving the Normal, the supervisors organized a preliminary association which will be perfected this winter, when the Oregon Teachers' Association meets in Eugene. The officers elected were: President, Miss Ida Mae Smith; vice president, Mr. J. H. Jack; secretary-treasurer, Mr. A. I. O'Reilly. Mr. Pittman kindly consented to act as distributing editor, and will from time to time send out literature of general interest.

In consideration of the many benefits derived from this Summer Session, all supervisors voted to make this conference at Monmouth an annual event. Undoubtedly, next summer every supervisor in Oregon will avail himself of this opportunity for training in his particular line of work.

The following is a set of resolutions drawn up by the Supervisors' Association:

Monmouth, Oregon, July 10, 1914.

Whereas, we the Supervisors of the State of Oregon in conference assembled, desire to improve the efficiency of Rural Schools.

Therefore be it Resolved:

*First.* Believing in the principles of the supervisory law, and in order that it may attain its highest efficiency we favor a law requiring a supervisor to have had at least sixteen months' teaching experience during the four years previous to his ap-

pointment, or to have completed a one-year supervisory course in some higher educational institution, and to be the holder of a state certificate.

*Second.* That, other conditions being equal, preference be given professionally trained teachers.

*Third.* That there be some regulation whereby pupils entering school for the first time shall enter only during the first or fifth months of the school year.

*Fourth.* That an eight-month term of school shall be the minimum for the State of Oregon.

*Fifth.* That state aid be employed whenever practicable for the consolidation of rural schools.

*Sixth.* That eighth-grade examinations be held only at convenient centers, such centers to be designated by the county school superintendent.

Be it further Resolved:

*Seventh.* That we extend to President Ackerman, Mr. Pittman, and the other members of the Oregon Normal School faculty our thanks and appreciation for the interest which they have manifested in bringing this splendid course in Rural School Supervision within reach of Oregon supervisors.

*Eighth.* That we, as supervisors, recommend that teachers throughout the state make special effort to attend each summer session of the Oregon Normal School.

Furthermore be it Resolved:

*Ninth.* That a copy of these resolutions be furnished the public press, including the "Norm"; and that a copy be sent to State Superintendent Churchill and President Ackerman.

Ida Mae Smith, President.

A. I. O'Reilly, Secretary.

Miss Barbary—"One thing I simply refuse to be, is an old maid."

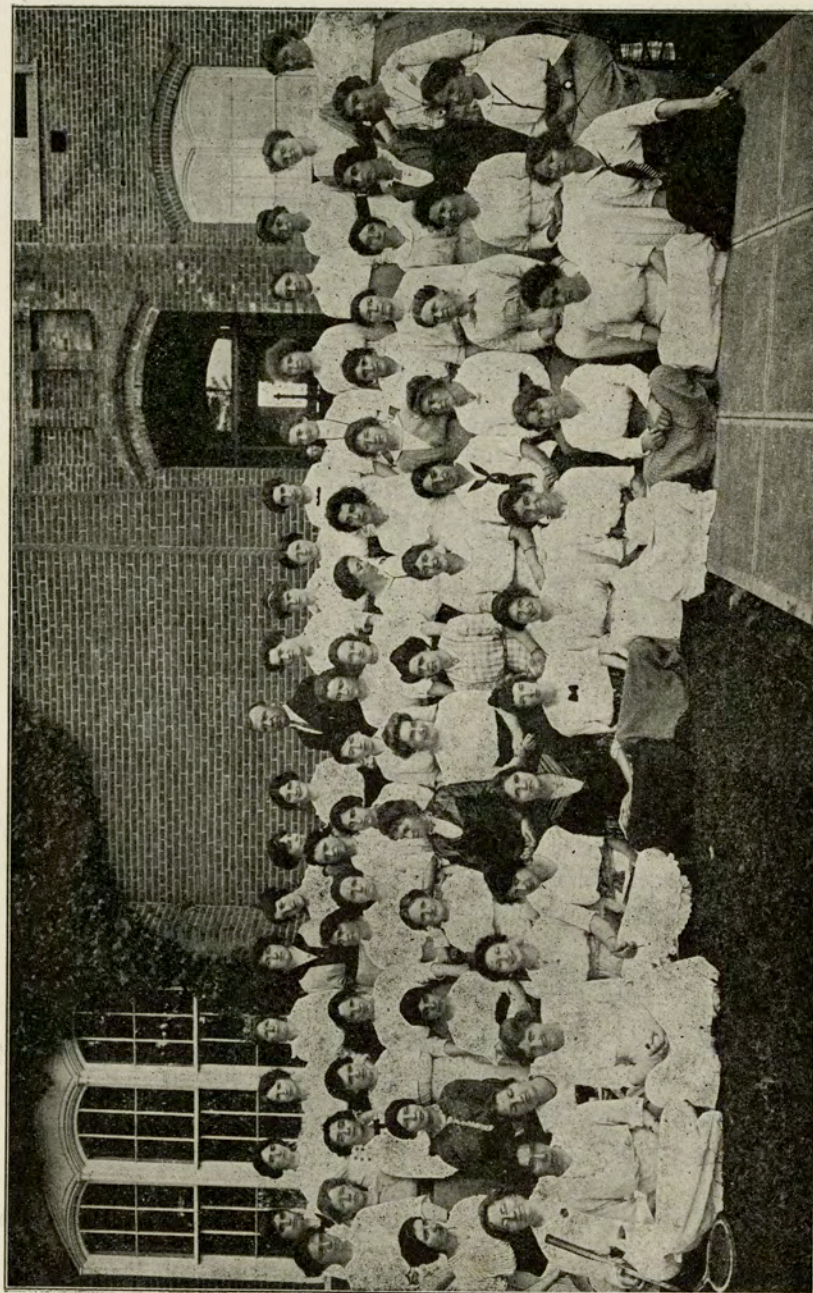
Miss Sylvia Sturgill—"Why, do you expect to die?"

◇ ◇

Teacher—"Tommy, do you know, 'How Doth the Little Busy Bee'?"

Tommy—"No; I only know he doth it."





### ***Multnomah Leaders***

The students of the Summer Normal were divided into groups for social purposes.

The Multnomah county representatives numbering seventy were considered a group by themselves. Fifty-three of this number live in Portland.

The Multnomah group immediately organized, electing Miss Nettie Mae Rankin president, Mrs. Janet Grant secretary, and Miss Martha Bartell reporter. As they intended to be leaders in the social and intellectual life of the school, they adopted the name of "Leaders."

They lead in having the largest number of any one county. They led in the Fourth of July parade and received much praise for their splendid work. They intended to lead on Stunt Day. But best of all they intend to lead by working and doing their share in making the Multnomah county teachers the best in the state of Oregon.

The following communication has been addressed to the Portland Grade Teachers' Association:

We, the teachers of Multnomah county who are receiving instruction under Mr. Gentle in the Summer School at Monmouth, realizing what a privilege it is to hear him, are desirous that this opportunity be extended to all teachers in the county.

It will be possible for Mr. Gentle to give us some of his time this winter if we so desire.

Since the Portland Grade Teachers' Association is the largest teachers' organization in the county we should appreciate it greatly if they would embrace the opportunity of extending this invitation.

Yours sincerely,

*Catherine Graves, Chairman,  
Lola Creighton, Margaret Banks. Thenie Draper, Marie Falb,*

On "Stunt Day" of the Summer School at Monmouth, "Scene at the Union Depot" was the stunt given by "The Leaders." The funny things they did displayed their love for the humorous in life.

The characters included the ticket agent, newsboy, Irish couple, old lady, bride and groom, Y. W. C. A. Matron, society woman, old maid, widower with five children, travelling man, college girls, country boy and sister, and other travellers.





### *Lane Tano Club*

The Tano Club at their first meeting chose Miss Myrtle Copenhaver as chairman, Mrs. Condon, secretary and treasurer, and S. W. Hanns, reporter. The enthusiasm of the forty-five teachers and the four supervisors at this meeting accounted for the success of the events which followed.

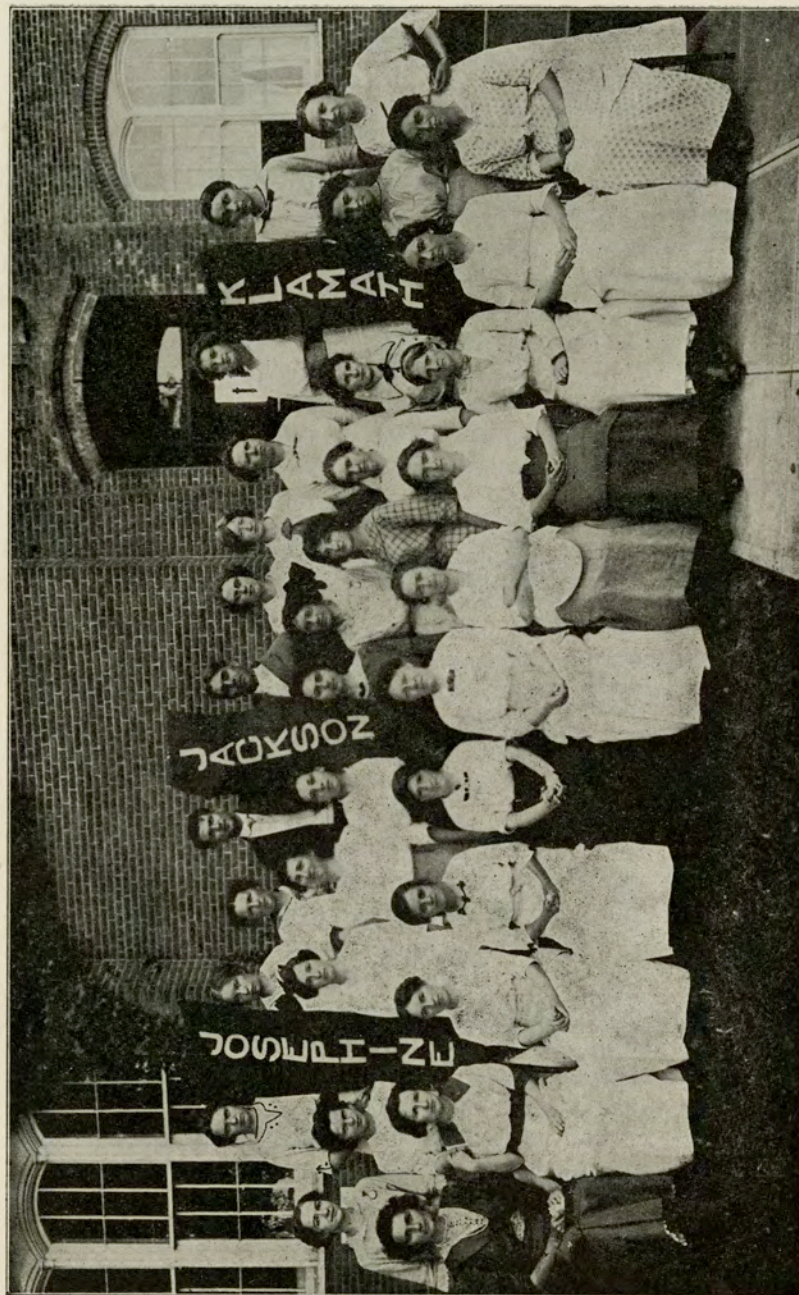
### *The Song of Lane County*

In the great Willamette valley,  
Bounded by the Calapooia mountains,  
Lies a region green and fertile  
Clothed in all of Nature's splendors,  
Clothed in all her fruits and cereals;  
Guarded by her stately snow-peaks,  
Guarded by her shining waters;  
Stretching far away beyond them  
To the purple clouds of evening.

In this richest of all counties  
Lies the seat of agriculture.  
Fields now clothed in brightest yellow  
Swayed by gentlest breaths of zephyr.  
On its wide and sloping mountains  
Stand the tall and swaying fir-trees  
Marked with rings of generations  
Casting shadows o'er their pathways,  
Never dreaming that tomorrow  
Progress will demand their usage.

In this county of all counties  
Lies great marks of civilization—  
The first foot-prints of education,  
Embodying schools the best in Oregon:  
Standard schools to the number of seventy.  
Thus surpassing is Lane county  
In field and forest and education.





### *The Crater Lakes*

When the Oregon Normal School convened in the summer of 1914, the large representation from Southern Oregon bore witness to the fact that the school is truly serving the entire state. Heretofore, Southern Oregon has not been very well represented in the summer school, but we hope the large attendance of this year will set a precedent for many to follow in succeeding years.

Southern Oregon, composed of Josephine, Jackson and Klamath counties, decided to be known as the "Crater Lakes" because Crater Lake is the greatest attraction of that part of Oregon in which these three counties are located. The organization of the "Crater Lakes" was completed by electing Miss Marian White of Jackson county, chairman; Miss Winnifred Paddock of Josephine county, secretary; and Miss Florence Short of Klamath county, treasurer. Besides these, Mr. E. R. Peterson deserves special mention, being the only man of the group, and upon whom fell most of the construction work on the Southern Oregon float. That the Crater Lakes are both willing and able to "do things" is proven by their attractive features for the Fourth of July and Stunt Day—both events are described elsewhere in this Norm.

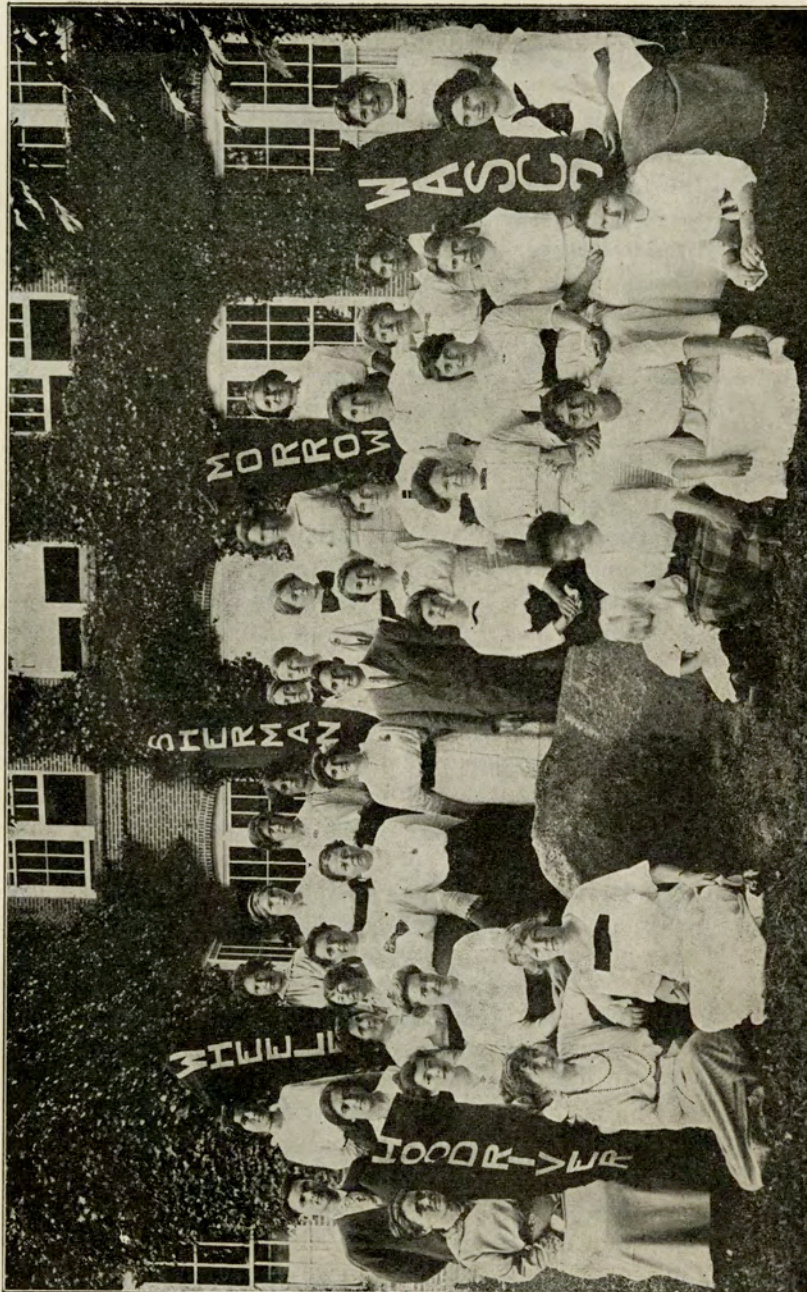
These thirty-two teachers came to the Normal because they believe in the boys and girls of Southern Oregon. They also believe in the Normal as the greatest educational factor in the state.

Southern Oregon is a land of great opportunity. In order that education may keep pace with other lines of development there is a great demand for trained teachers.

At the close of the summer term, our teachers will leave the Normal, filled with enthusiasm and encouraged to do better work. Because each teacher will speak a good word for the O. N. S., next summer the school will contain a much larger representation from Southern Oregon.

Thanks are due Mr. Ostein for the use of his class room as a meeting place; to his class for patiently (?) waiting in the hall for the meetings to adjourn; to Miss Taylor for aiding in the Stunt Day production; and to President Ackerman for making the Oregon Normal School a good place in which to be.





### The Mount Hoods

MR. CLYDE MORLEY, *President*      MISS HELEN FLECK, *Secretary*

The counties of Hood River, Morrow, Sherman, Wasco, and Wheeler were organized June 29th as the Mount Hoods.

On the Fourth of July this division was well represented by twenty-eight members, who marched in the form of a triangle. Each one wore a white hood with a high point, characteristic of Mount Hood.

Tuesday, July 14th, all the Mount Hoods left the Normal building at four-thirty in the afternoon, and journeyed in a hayrack to "Lucky Mute."

The party was entertained at the Hahn and Gronewald ranch. Tennis and other sports were indulged in and a glimpse of country life taken. Lunch was eaten around a large camp fire, which was built in the fir grove. Miss Taylor and Miss Butler were most delightful chaperones.

Then in the cool of the evening, after having enjoyed themselves to the utmost, they returned to the noise and busy life of the city.

"Stunt" night, July 18th, the Mount Hoods staged "An Hour in School." The cast follows:

Hannah Shorter, teacher .....	Mrs. Clark
Mrs. Williams, patron .....	Helen Fleck
Mrs. Meglathery, patron .....	Mrs. Morely
Mrs. Nye, visitor .....	Helen Galbraith

#### *Pupils—*

Ottiweil Wood .....	Marjory Speed
Myra Ann Williams .....	Zoe Chase
Ruth Brown .....	Lillie Turner
Rosa Togy .....	Emma Fleck
Jane Todd .....	E. McDonald
Nancy Jones .....	Minerva Thrall
Betsy Day .....	Ella Clarke
Margorie Irving .....	Florence Brosius
Selma White .....	Edna Phillips

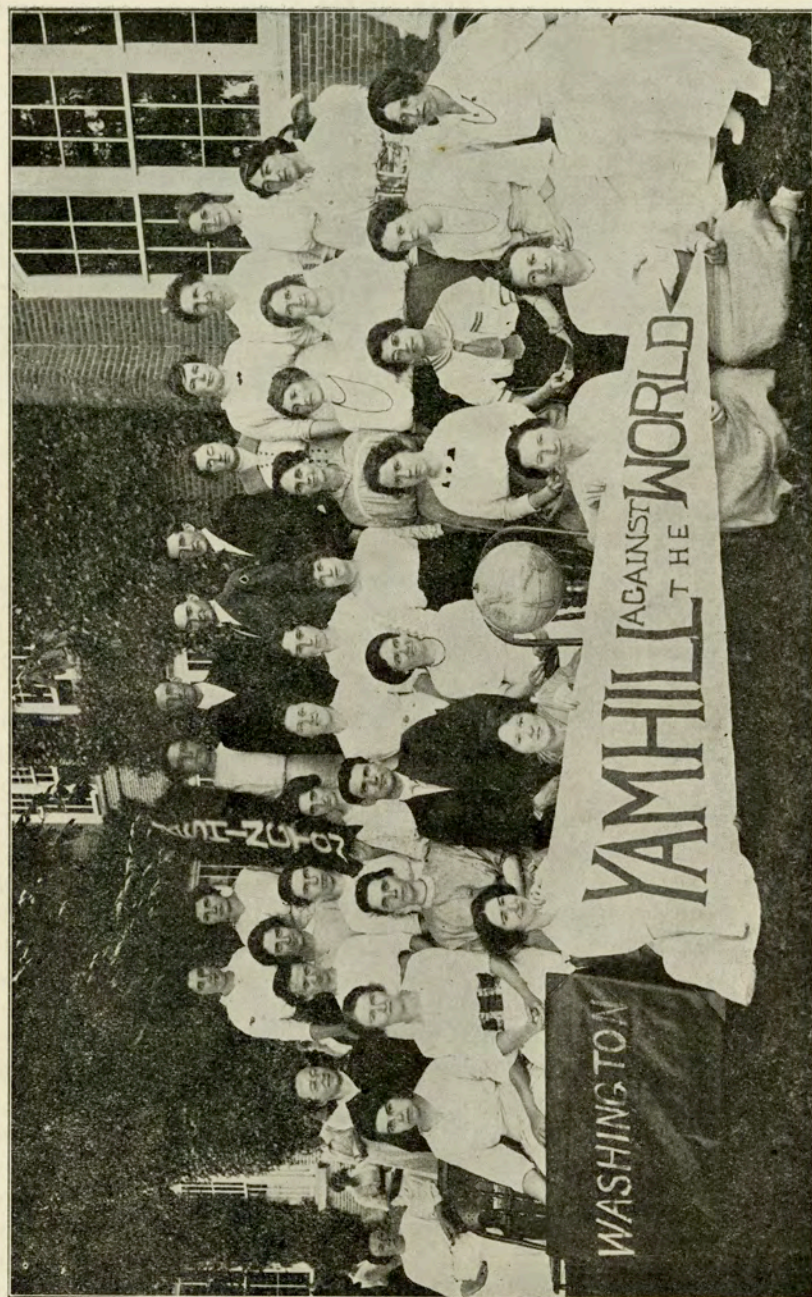
The Mount Hoods are very active in school affairs and have shown excellent school spirit.

—Ethel Jane McDonald, *Reporter*,









### **Proposition I Theorem**

*If a county is progressive it may become world famous.*

Given Yamhill county and any part of the world.

*To prove "Yamhill Against the World."*

From the world, take the United States and any other country.

The United States is the greatest country of the world. Ax

Then from the United States, take Oregon and any other state.

Oregon is the "mother state" of the Northwest, has the most healthful climate, the greatest variety of products, etc.

Take Yamhill and any other county in Oregon.

The people of Yamhill are the most progressive people in Oregon as they were the first to have the Home Mutual Telephone, Rural Free Delivery, electric red cars, etc.

Yamhill has the largest prune, cherry and walnut orchards in the world.

Therefore since Yamhill is the most progressive county in Oregon, Oregon the best state in the United States and the United States the greatest country of the world, Yamhill is the best county in the world.

"Yamhill Against the World."

Q. E. D.

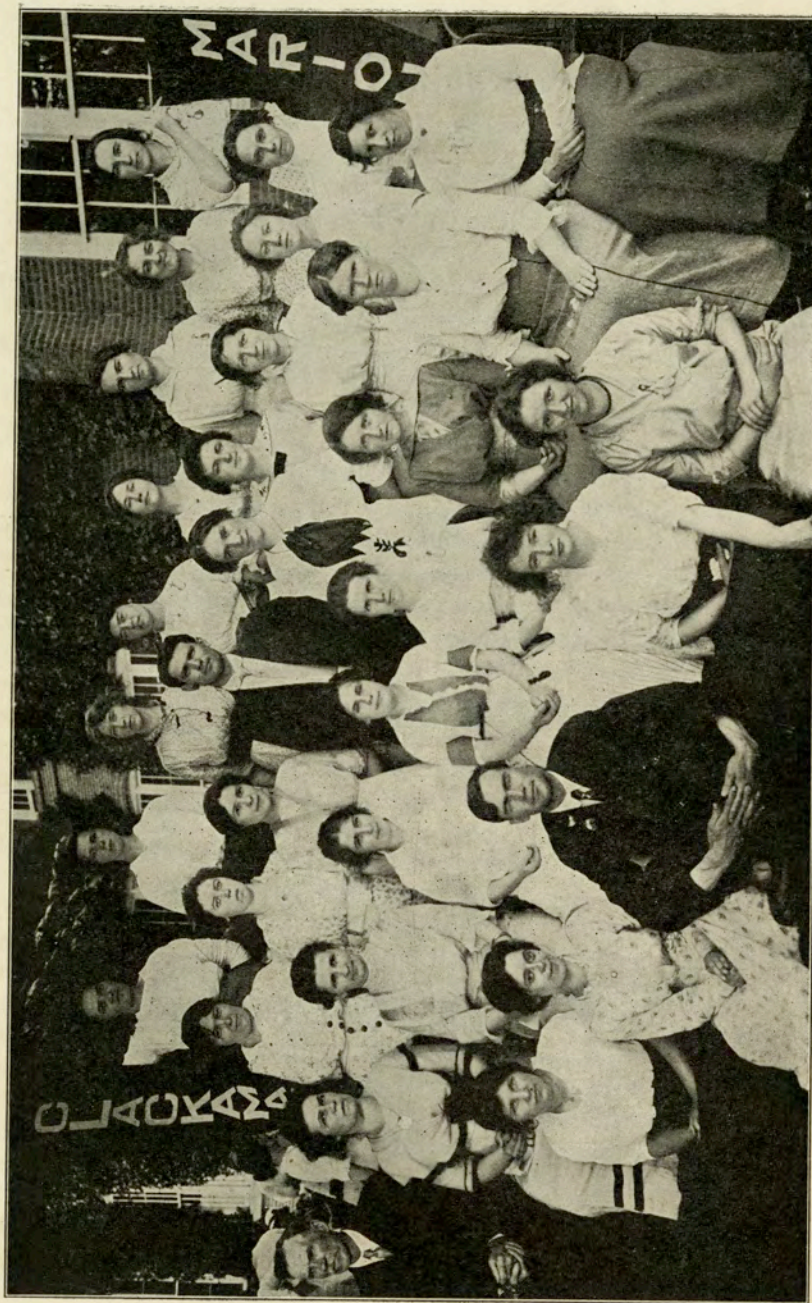
### **Washington County**

Yamhill should certainly be able to conquer the World when Washington county is with her. The latter county followed closely in the idea of fairs, and had a most excellent one last fall. They are expecting to put on another this year that will attract the attention of the entire state. This one will show some of the best school exhibits and agricultural products in Oregon.

The county is growing rapidly in population, which means improvement of the schools both in quality and number. The people are beginning to appreciate the supervisory work, as our rural schools are almost on a par with those of the cities.

The teachers co-operate enthusiastically in working for the highest development of the child. Washington county is greatly indebted to the Oregon Normal for the inspiration to do such a work, as are those of all the counties in Oregon.





### *Clackamas and Marion*

God's hand hath touched it  
And left with us an earthly paradise.

Here has nature combined all her forces, making this region in the heart of the Willamette a perfect abode for mankind.

To this region came many years ago, the first pioneers, leaving home and friends and carrying a message of hope and light to the natives.

One of the first works of these early pioneers was that of education. The first school in the state was in what is now Milwaukie and this still stands.

The schools of Clackamas and Marion counties are among the foremost of the state, and from these early beginnings have grown some of the leading universities of the state, among them being Willamette University at Salem.

The capital of the state has always been in our counties, being located, first at Oregon City, and later, at Salem.

When our commonwealth has needed the services of a wise Governor, a great and just lawmaker or a historian, Clackamas and Marion counties have come to the rescue with men, who, by their work, have caused other states of our own great union to look upon Oregon as an example of freedom.

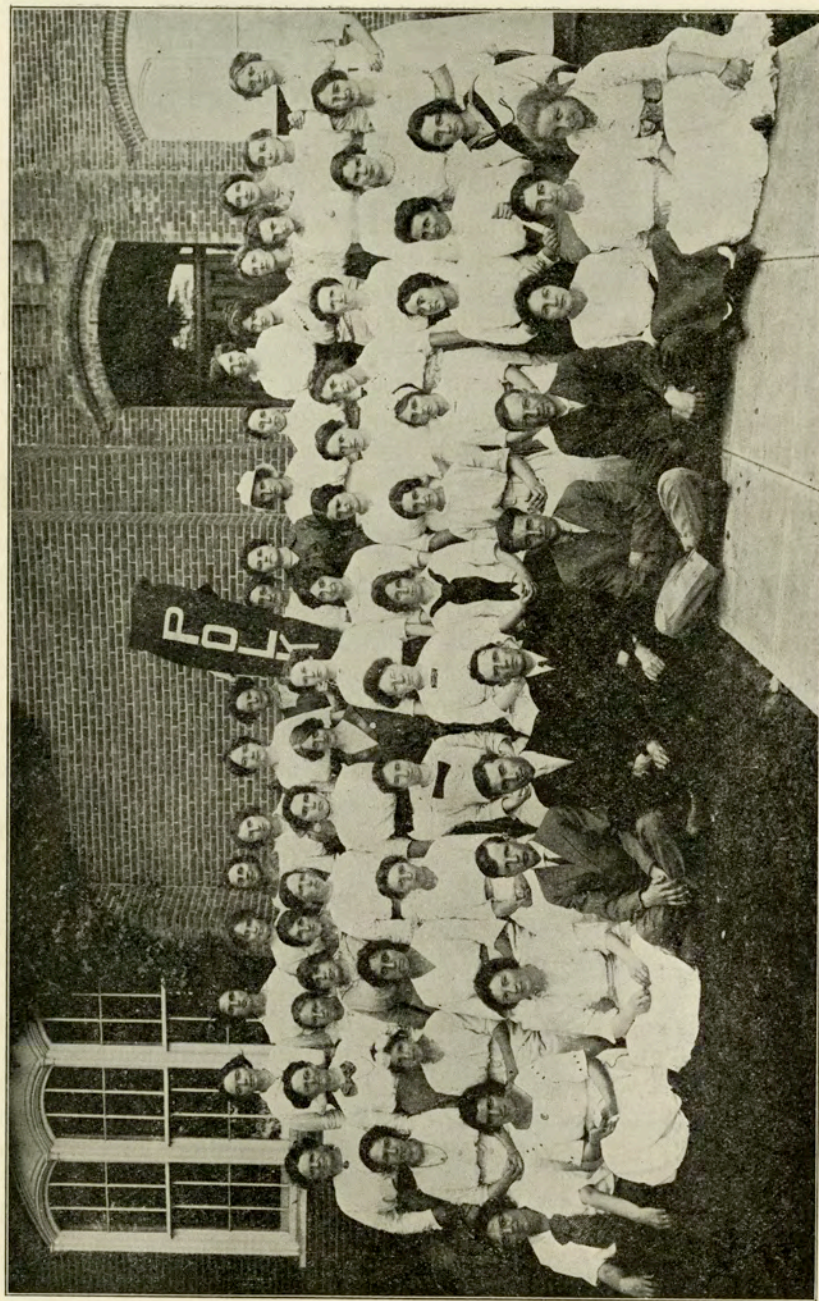
Nature has surely given of her best in the way of plenty of sunshine and rain, mineral wealth, prolific growth of timber, productive soil, waterways and powerful waterfalls.

Even the metropolis of our state looks to Clackamas county for the power which moves her machinery and illuminates her streets.

In all progressive movements have these counties led the way. More than twenty years ago the first Chautauqua Association in the West, was organized at Gladstone Park. Here each year since, have assembled world famous lecturers and instructors whose influence reaches thousands of people during the two weeks' sessions.

Every great nation profits by its past history. Who can tell what the future history of these counties will be that have in the past years made such rapid progress?





### Polk County

Polk county, the beauty spot of Oregon, was well represented, with its sixty teachers at the Summer Session of the Oregon Normal School.

When this teacher band met for organizing, Mr. Mackin was elected president and Miss Florence Hann secretary and treasurer. As a result of the teachers' interest and co-operation, one of the prettiest and most appropriate parts of the parade was that of Polk county.

Polk county is foremost in the state for Standard Schools. The Standard colors, purple and gold, were used for the float and every one of the "Blue Ribbon" teachers wore purple and gold hats. Miss Roberta Ballard rode on the float as the Polk county representative.

Old Polk is the "Blue Ribbon" county,  
Its school houses and teachers are best.  
The interests of pupil and parent  
Surpass interest shown by the rest.

No Supt. is so lively as Seymour;  
No schools so efficient as ours.  
We work with the best there is in us,  
To complete all we can in school hours.

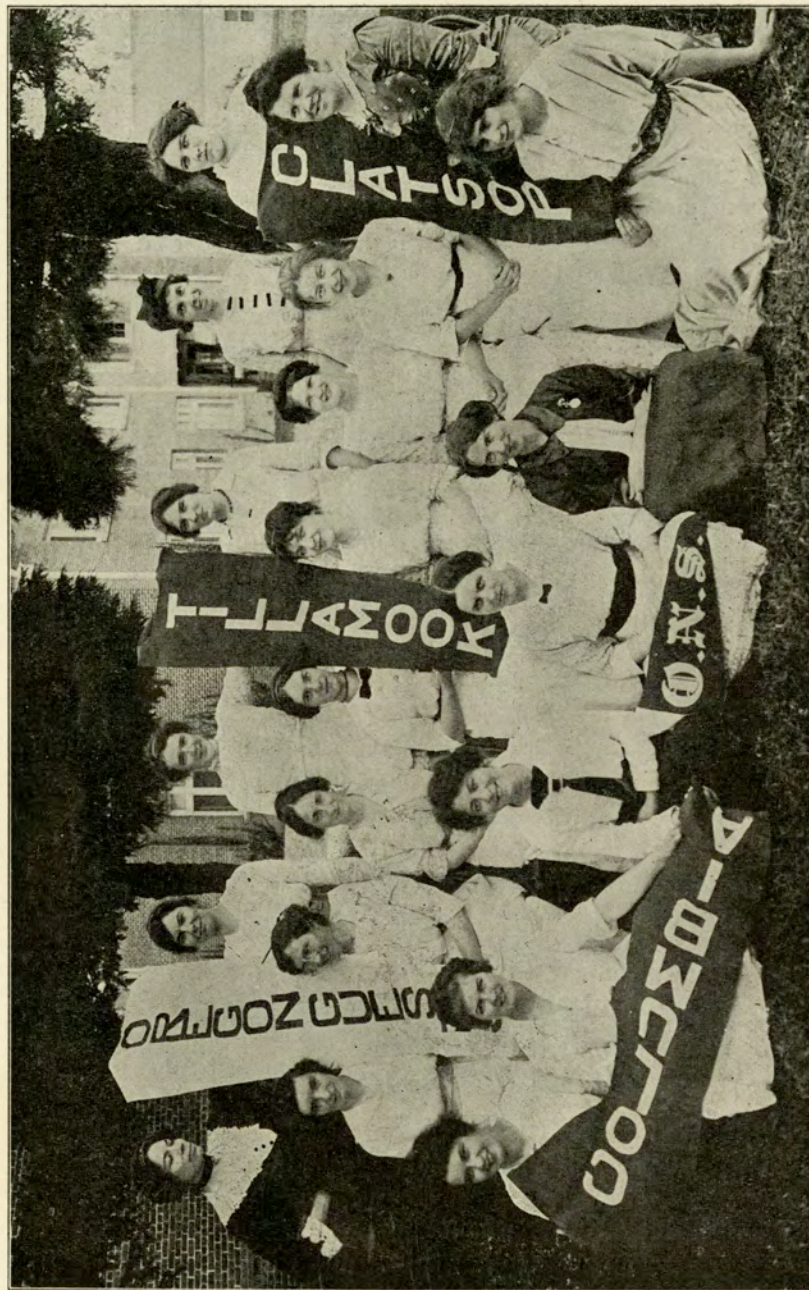
Now Polk is quite different from Yamhill.  
You know that they're " 'gainst the world."  
But we, why we have the world with us!  
Our *Standard Pennant* unfurled.

Multnomah is largest in numbers,  
But quality always is best.  
In loyalty, rural work, playtime,  
We're a *long way* ahead of the rest.

#### AS WE REMEMBER THE "PACIFIC MERMAIDS"

The Pacific Mermaids are beauties,  
Their scales, they glint green in the sun.  
But as far as being important  
They can't do a thing, not a one,





### *Pacific Mermaids*

Don't think for a moment that this is going to be a "fish tale," it is merely the tale of one of the several groups of energetic, good-looking(?), intelligent (??), young people who have come to the O. N. S. in search of the aforementioned energy, good looks, intelligence and youth-s.

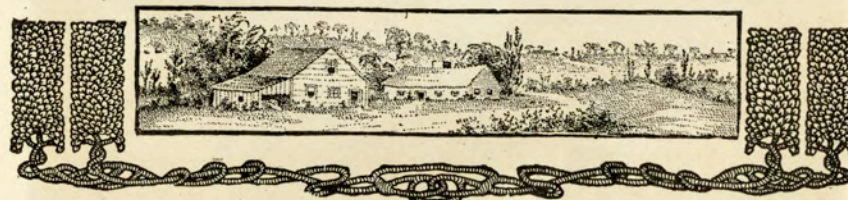
The Pacific Mermaids (notice no men) are from Clatsop, Columbia and Tillamook counties; also a few Oregon Guests, who are enjoying our hospitality for the time being.

The members of the group from the counties mentioned above are as follows: Anne Lewis, Nell Dawson, Irene Conklin, Gertrude Rohr, Minnie Tassala, from Astoria; Olga Moore, Quincy; Anna Gallop, Westport; Ruth Duncan, Scappoose; Minnie Ripley, Garibaldi; Cynthia Scovell, Martha Alley, Margaret Bash, Nehalem; Ruth Clark, Cloverdale; Harriet Gaylord, Tillamook; Mary McGregor, Deer Island; Hazel Woorall, Wheeler; Lydia Crane, Beaver; Dora Bortner, Nebraska; Liffie Smith, Colorado; Mrs. Stalker, Idaho; and Mary Thomas, Warren.

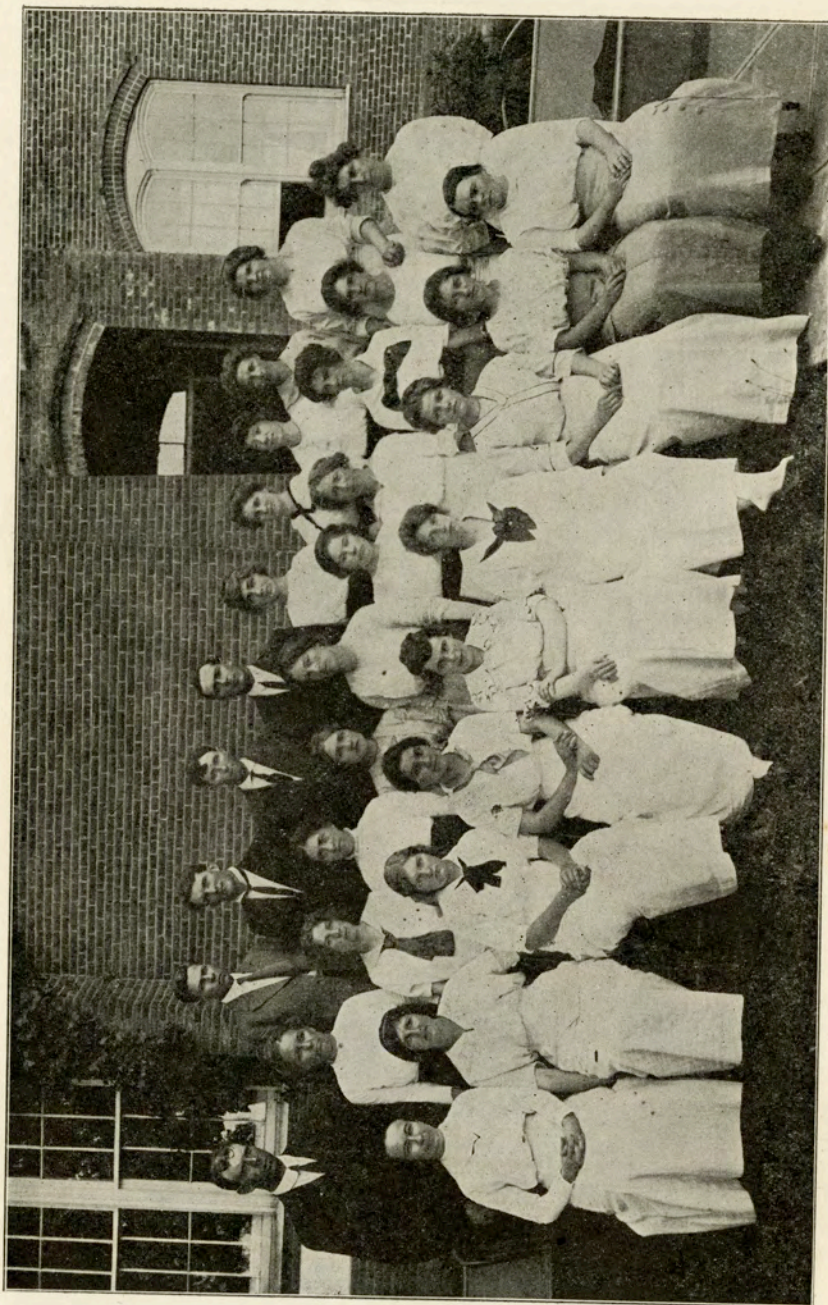
We all feel very grateful for the knowledge and excellent instruction received during this short course at the O. N. S. We also feel that the friendships formed here are such as will never be forgotten. We may never have an opportunity of being together again but to those who have the advantage of complete Normal training we extend our heartiest wishes.

If you are looking for full measure "in the scales," hunt up the Pacific Mermaids.

The Pacific Mermaids held a convention Saturday evening, July 11th, at the O. N. S. Chapel to decide the fate of the O. N. S. members.







### *Bencolinn*

*With Apologies to Longfellow.*

Tell me not in mournful numbers,  
That you cannot wiggle in,  
The beloved and cherished "bunch,"  
That we call "Bencolinn."

We are alive! We are earnest!  
And we've most worn out our "sole,"  
Tramping up the cement sidewalk  
To the Normal. That's our goal.

Work is long and school is fleeting,  
And we think it is no "slam"  
On our dear and cherished Normal,  
That we come up here to "cram."

In our teaching of the winter,  
And in all our work through life,  
We'll not let the School Board "run" us.  
We'll be leaders in the strife.

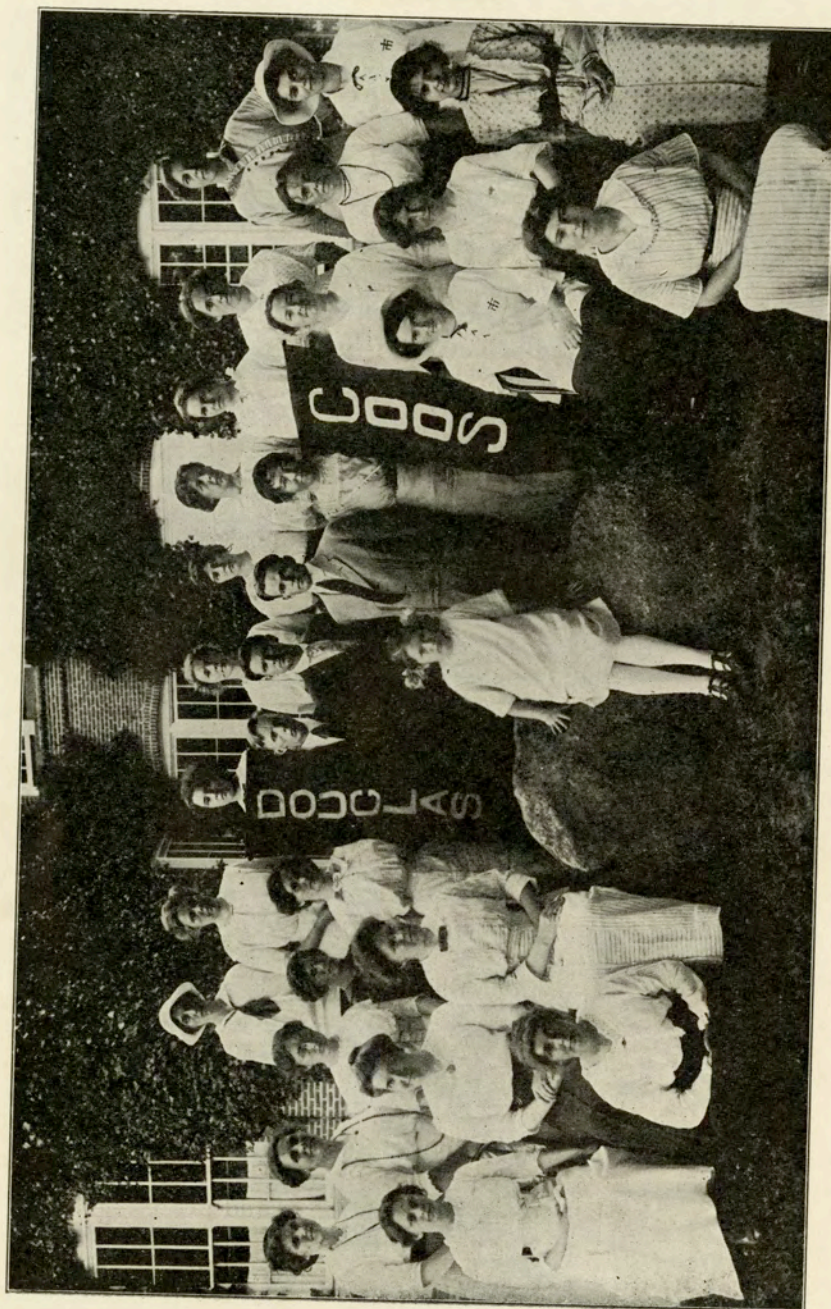
Trust no "man-person," howe'er pleasant,  
Let them be to you as dead  
Don't give up your chosen life-work,  
To mend their clothes and bake their bread.

Real good pupils all remind us,  
(This heavenly peace is quite sublime!)  
That we've used one as an example,  
And have made him "come to time."

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
And stand up for Bencolinn,  
Always remembering the grand profession,  
That we, as teachers, are in.

—Vila O'Connor, No. 325.





### *Gleanings from Coos and Douglas*

In the region of the Umpqua,  
Lies a spot of scenic granduer,  
Full of streams, both swift and tranquil,  
Verdant hills and tow'ring mountains,  
Sunny vales and shady forests,  
Yielding us untold of bounty,  
Luscious fruits and precious timber.  
This the county we would honor,  
Tell its charms and sing its praises,—  
'Tis Douglas.

There's another favored region,  
Bordering on the vast Pacific,  
Where the breakers roll upon it,  
Toss and dash upon the beaches;  
It can claim a splendid harbor,  
Dairies, mines, and mills and fishing,  
Forests, too, both pine and cedar;  
This one we would also honor,  
On the pages of this paper,—  
'Tis Coos.

—E. P.

Who are we? We are a group of energetic teachers gathered at the Oregon Normal School. Where are we from? We are from different parts of Coos and Douglas counties. Why are we here? We came here with the hope of gaining something that would make us better teachers of children. We have remained because we are gaining that which we sought.

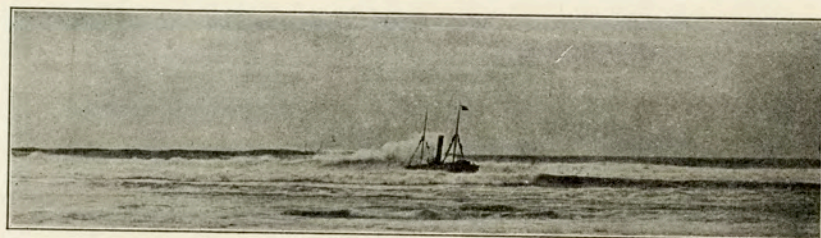
In the brief space of time we have been here, we have learned to love the Normal. We believe in the work it is doing and will tell other teachers, that they too, may take advantage of the splendid courses offered.

We wish also to say a good word for the O. N. S. faculty. They are the right sort of instructors. Any teacher will be safe in imitating them.

Reporting Committee—

*Edith Pentney,  
Luella Woodruff,  
Belva Flannigan.*





## Professional Department

### Standard Schools

By L. MACKEN

The "Standard School" is the latest and greatest step taken in this state for the advancement of the rural schools. Many states have "Model Rural Schools" located at various points within their bounds, but Oregon, through the efforts of the various County Superintendents, is working out a system of "Standard Schools" which makes each school reaching the standard a "Model School" and a pattern for its neighbors.

This plan was first used in Polk county by Supt. H. C. Seymour in the school year 1911-12 and has since been taken up by the following counties: Coos, Marion, Linn, Lane, Douglas, Jackson, Klamath, Umatilla, and Yamhill. All counties have not used the same standard points but in all cases the purpose has been the same, and the results excellent.

Polk county has continued a leader in this movement and for the school year just closed used the following points:

- (1) Flag—Must be flying in good weather.
- (2) School House—Properly lighted and ventilated.
- (3) Condition of School Room—Attractive.
- (4) One Standard Picture—One new picture during the year unless four good ones already in the room.
- (5) Drinking Water—Either fountain or tank and individual cups.
- (6) Walks—From road to house, from house to outbuildings.

- (7) Grounds—Drained, attractive, flowers on grounds or in rooms.
- (8) Spelling Contests—Every pupil entered.
- (9) Discipline—Good order at all times.
- (10) Satisfactory Work—On part of both teacher and pupils.
- (11) Attendance—Average 95 per cent for year.
- (12) School Board—Teacher's monthly report must show at least one hour's visit by one or more members of the board each month.
- (13) Teacher—Attending at least 50 per cent of teachers' institutes and subscribing to at least one educational paper.
- (14) Library—Book case with lock and key, books in good condition and catalogued.
- (15) Outbuildings—Sanitary at all times.

It is necessary for a school to gain all of these points in order to be entitled to receive the standard school pennant. A careful study of these points will show that they require the co-operation of all concerned in the school, and through the interest that they create in the community, a much greater school spirit is awakened. The climax of which is reached when the pennant for the year is presented to the school, which should be at a general gathering of the people of the neighborhood.

Last week the County Superintendents of the state, in session at Salem, agreed upon a set of rules for the standardization of rural and village schools which is ample proof that the Standard School movement has brought about only good results where used.

Should you visit the schools of any of the counties using the Standard points you would find: (1) a spirit of interest in the work being done and you would probably be shown the set of standard points posted on the wall with the stars placed opposite the points gained and informed very carefully as to how they were going to win the remaining points; (2) that the pupils feel that any unnecessary absence is a black mark for *their* school; (3) that the room is properly lighted and heated, neat and attractive, and has potted plants carefully arranged; (4) that the grounds and road are free from waste paper, sticks, etc.; (5) that the outbuildings are clean and sanitary; (6) that the school board has made regular visits to the school and are taking a great interest in the condition of their school and the work being



done; (7) that the people are proud of their school and on being asked, while on a visit to the county seat, where they live will not answer, "Out northwest about fourteen miles," but will proudly answer, "I'm from the Gooseneck School District."

### *In the Tracks of a Normalite*

I am in a little school house far off in the Cascades, three thousand feet above sea level, forty-five miles from the nearest station on the Southern Pacific; a tiny little farming community, surrounded on all sides by timber and timber and timber. The tall pines shoot far up into the sky; the streams rush and leap in their haste to join the Rogue; the wild flowers fill the atmosphere with their fragrance in summer and the snow envelops the ground in winter—so I am told. I cannot know the winter conditions, for this is my first visit.

The school has just opened for the year. The enrollment is small, a total of just five pupils. To some—ay, to most—this would not be an attractive situation, after the novelty had worn away.

I look about the school room: things have an air that is somewhat familiar. What is it? Let me see. Here is a reprint of "Aurora"; over there is "The Song of the Lark"; and on the other wall is "The Horse Fair." Here, lower down, is another feature, evidently the work of the pupils. It is work in water colors and in pencil: flat washes, studies in light and shade, color schemes; problems in perspective, studies in nature, subjects in action, etc. The whole carries with it an atmosphere similar to something that I have seen.

The school is called. One of the girls goes to the organ. She plays and they all sing—"No Land Like Oregon"—and they sing it with a vim! O, if we had four hundred voices that would "lean into it" as those three or four are doing, what a chorus we should have! They start another. Listen! But that is not necessary—you can't help hearing: the air, the spirit, the very thrill, lifts you up as though bodily and carries you back to the "Old School," as they sing "The Jolly Student."

In talking with the pupils later, I ask about a certain picture on the wall. I am told without hesitation that that is "The Horse Fair," painted by Rosa Bonheur, a French woman and

the first acknowledged successful woman artist. I am told about her humble childhood, her dislike for conventional things and her love for nature; how she liked to roam in the woods; to play with the animals and birds and to have pets; how she copied pictures and made paintings of her pet animals; how she spent months in preparing to paint "The Horse Fair." All this and much more is told with perfect ease, showing that the pupils had been inspired with a love for the picture and for the artist, by some teacher who had such a love and the necessary knowledge.

Now we turn to "Aurora" and without asking, a little girl is ready to tell me all about that wonderful picture by the Italian, Guido Reni; of the painter's love for music and about the beautiful story of the subject.

In similar manner another one tells me about "The Song of the Lark" and Breton.

At recess we gather around the library. It is a well chosen collection neatly arranged in a substantial bookcase. We find that the books are all supplied with pockets and cards. Some are old and had been torn and soiled, but were neatly cleaned and mended. With a little questioning I find that the teacher had instructed the boys and girls, not only in the use of books, but how to care for and to clean and mend them and to catalogue them; how to use the charging system in lending. Each pupil had been made librarian for a few weeks, thus giving each an opportunity to get the practical knowledge, the spirit, and the love for the work, that comes with actually doing something that the community wants done!

Now we go out to the grounds, and though the school is small, a basket ball is brought forward and we have a lively game of German bat ball.

On the opening of school after lunch the teacher asks the pupils what they would like for the special period, and a little boy suggests quotations. He starts by saying,

"We shape ourselves the joy or fear

With which the coming life is made,

And fill our future's atmosphere

With sunshine or with shade."

My curiosity is aroused. I must see who the teacher was last year. I go to the register. The problem is solved. Yes, she was direct from the "Old School." I knew her there. Not a



graduate, but she had spent a year there. She had not taught in the Training Department, but she had observed in that much discussed place. In the Normal School, she was a quiet, unassuming sort of person, always attending to her own business and interfering with the affairs of no one else. She was doing the one important thing: through it all she was absorbing the "Normal Spirit"; she was gathering in a harvest, that she might go out and replant it in that little rural community. This she had done and had done it successfully—so much so that when I went into that school, the results were so evident, the tracks so plain, that I couldn't help know from whence they came.

And this gives me a thought. Never before had I realized so fully the influence of the teacher—I am not thinking especially of this particular one. But as I look up at the pictures on the wall and recall what those children have just told me and how they told it, my thoughts go back to the members of the faculty in the O. N. S. I turn to the library and the incidents connected therewith, then I am reminded of another member. And so it is with the art work, with the memory gems, the songs and games, and all the other things. And then, I think of the scores of teachers going out from the Oregon Normal School, to all parts of the state, into villages, hamlets and mountain communities, and I think of how great and widespread must be the influence of the members of the faculty in this Grand Old School.

And one more thought comes to my mind: this teacher of whom I speak has shown her influence. I am from the same school: I wonder if anyone can follow me and say, "Here are the tracks of a Normalite"?

—E. R. Peterson.

Johnnie, aged six, was asked by a visitor how he stood in school. "In the corner," replied truthful Johnnie.

A new discovery in the Science Department. The disease of caterpillar on the cow's eye.

# THE NORM

VOL. III.

MONMOUTH, OREGON, JULY, 1914

No. 6

Entered at the Post Office at Monmouth, Oregon, March 3, 1879 as second-class matter.

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## To Our Readers

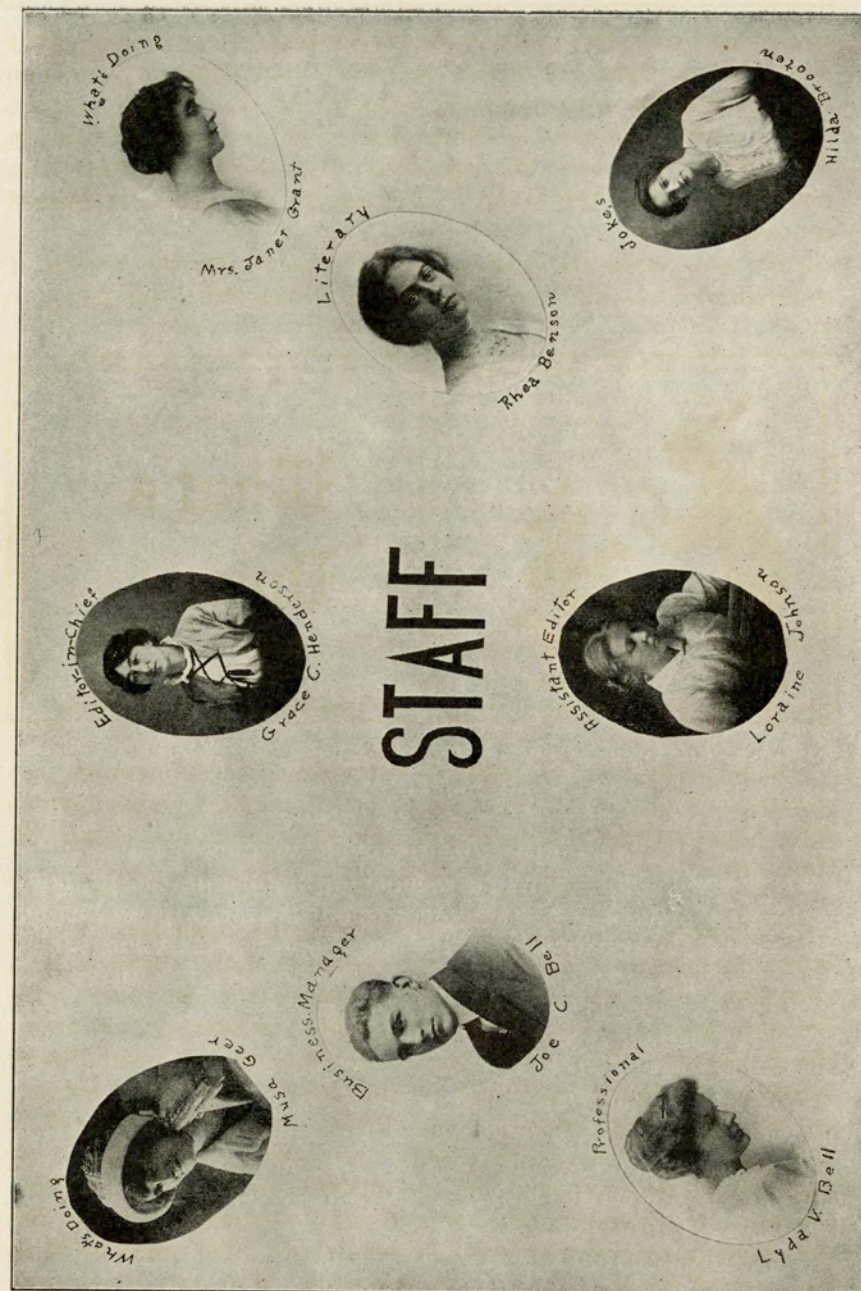
The Oregon Normal has always stood for all that is progressive, and whenever a good movement is started, it must be carried on. Last summer the student body decided that they wished their career recorded in the history of the school, and as a means of doing this, they issued a Summer Edition of The Norm. It filled the need and was such a success that soon after the students gathered for this session, they decided to follow the example.

We, the present staff, hope this number will be a permanent feature of every summer session to come, for we believe that there is nothing else that can so well unite the whole school on common ground. It makes the student feel that he is really a part of the school; it serves as a happy reminder of the pleasant days spent here; it contains helpful thoughts to be gleaned; and in fact is a summary of the school itself, both of the hours of work and the hours of play.

We are proud of our student body. We have the record of being the largest summer school or institute ever held in the state, representing every part of Oregon and many points outside. The enrollment, as this issue goes to press, is 476, and in all probability will reach 500.

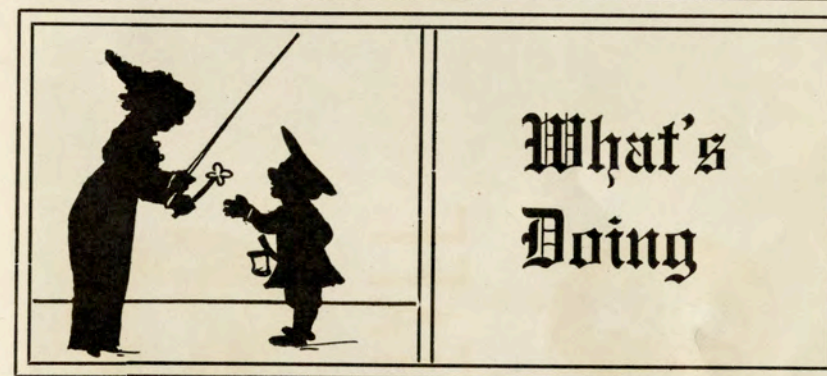
Also, we are proud that we can issue this paper. You may





find it full of errors and, no doubt there are many places that might be improved, but please remember that the summer session is short and the work had to be rushed. In fact it was just two weeks from the time The Norm was mentioned until it was in the publisher's hands. We regret that Miss Rankin's picture does not appear with the staff. Because of our haste, it missed connections.

We have done the best we could considering the length of time allowed us—and hope you will be pleased with this paper.



Every county in the state is represented at Monmouth this summer. There is an enrollment of 475. Multnomah county alone has seventy representatives. Every instructor is doing full time work.

+ +

On Saturday evening, June 27th, President and Mrs. Ackerman and members of the faculty entertained the students at a reception in the gymnasium. The building was decorated with school pennants and with banners bearing the names of the counties in Oregon. The guests were expected to gather around their own county banners, and soon the four hundred and fifty strangers were transformed into happy groups of friends. President Ackerman gave a cordial address of welcome to which Miss Williams responded on behalf of the student body. Colonel Hofer expressed the pleasure and pride of the Board of Regents in the very large attendance at this summer school. The solos by Miss Hoham and Miss Davis and the readings by Miss Arbuthnot gave



much pleasure. Under the leadership of Miss Taylor the students joined in a grand march which showed both the numerical strength and the spirit of each county group. Delicate refreshments were served *al fresco* and altogether the evening was a most enjoyable one.



Some one said the Fourth of July celebration of 1914 was the first in the history of Monmouth, but the statement is hardly true for Mrs. T. O. Waller says we did have a celebration twenty-four years ago. However, from the Normal point of view it was the best celebration ever held anywhere. The Goddess of Liberty, Miss Kate Dunsmoor, was our chosen candidate; the parade held eleven special features worked out by the different county groups; the weather clerk and Mr. Ackerman gave us a perfect day; the patrol system of order was most admirable; the ball teams made a score of 11 to 2.

Other pages of this publication will show the novel floats put out by the different sections.

For the pleasure of the Normal School students, the men of the school gave a dancing party in the gymnasium on the evening of July Fourth. The affair was thoroughly enjoyed by the many students who attended.

The concert given here by the Simpson College Glee Club was very pleasing to the audience because of the varied program and the rendition of the numbers.

When "Trial by Jury" was presented by the Glee Clubs last semester, the receipts from the concert were given to the Norm. Later, a beautiful baton was presented to Miss Hoham by the Norm staff of that time, in appreciation of her work. She declares there is a marked improvement in singing when the new "stick" is used.

Miss Hoham has added much to the pleasure of the summer school by her work in music. Under her direction the Training School Orchestra played several selections at Chapel, July first; the Glee Club sang at the Fourth of July celebration; the student body chorus gave a special selection on July tenth; and the Glee Club is preparing for an entertainment later on. Miss Hoham's ability and enthusiasm are self-evident when so much work can be accomplished in a very short time.

Polk county's reputation for owning automobiles is being upheld in the O. N. S. Autos have been purchased recently by President Ackerman, Mr. Ostien, Miss West, and Miss Butler.

June 29, a hearty cheer was given Louise Anne Evenden by proxy when her paternal relative came on the platform today. Miss Evendon weighs just seven pounds and a half.

July 2 Prof. E. D. Ressler of Corvallis College gave a talk to women teachers urging them to be consistently courageous and genuine. The speaker showed how the type of woman who revels in pink teas and who is afraid of a mouse is not the effective woman of today.

July 7 was picnic day for the class of 1913. A trip by autos was made to the Luckiamute, where a jolly evening lunch was spread.

Mr. Marvin S. Pittman entertained the supervisors and others interested in rural work at Morlan's on the evening of July ninth.



Dr. Sheldon, of Eugene, and President Ackerman were honored guests. While the group was gathered around a large table, delicious refreshments and thoughtful speeches alternated in making the evening a delightful one.

\* \*

The students thoroughly enjoyed Dr. Sheldon's talk on "Organization Among Teachers," given in chapel July tenth. Aside from the inherent interest of such a subject for normal school students, Dr. Sheldon's presentation of it was most entertaining and instructive.

\* \*

July 11 two hundred and forty teachers went on a sight-seeing excursion to Salem. After going through the State House they were taken out to the Penitentiary and to the Hospital for the Insane. At noon a well served meal at the Marion was enjoyed by all. These excursions have become an annual feature and are always enjoyed.

\* \*

Vacation plans are being made by different members of the faculty.

Mr. Ackerman will take a short course in manual training under the direction of his son-in-law and the two together will build a garage.

Miss Brenton will go abroad some time during the latter part of the summer.

H. C. Ostien will make a trip to California in his new "Hudson."

Mr. Gilmore will go down to Ilwaco to look after his cranberry bogs.

Miss McIntosh is planning a trip to Alaska.

Institute work in Indiana will keep Miss Hoham busy during the greater part of August.

The Misses West and Butler will go to Crater Lake in their new auto.

\* \*

If you want a good position, write to the Coast Teachers' Bureau class, Chas. H. Jones, manager, Salem, Oregon.



### **Multnomah Leads**

A few days before Uncle Sam's birthday, several of the Multnomahs saw a program that the whites of Monmouth were going to have to celebrate Uncle Sam's birthday, July Fourth.

These braves decided that they also wished to show their loyalty, so asked permission to appear in the parade. The whites were delighted with this idea, so the braves began to make plans for that day.

The question that puzzled them much was, Shall we dress on that day as the white man or as the Indian? They decided to have both styles of dress.

Multnomah being the largest brave was dressed as "Chief Multnomah" and the other braves were dressed as whites.

Red was selected as symbol of courage and bravery in battle, white as symbol of purity.

The chief of the tribe, by name "Rankin" was elected to take charge of the parade.

The Yamhills boasted of "Yamhill against the world." As the Multnomahs, otherwise called "Leaders," felt themselves a part of the world, they began to scheme a way to get "Yamhill's goat." Well, they did! It was a very "Gentle" goat.

By the enthusiasm and splendid co-operation of the captain and his braves they were ready by July Fourth to be on parade.



There were fifty-three braves plus the "Goat" in line that morning.

The whites enjoyed our fancy marching and our joke on the Yamhills, hoping we would return to Monmouth next year.

The parade of the other tribes was very beautiful.

We hope to teach our braves not to be so fierce and warlike; not to steal banners, globes or cherries; not to sneak into the Normal basement and discover things not meant for their eyes to see as cherries, pears and cheese.

Miss Roma Stafford, Multnomah daughter and graduate of the '08 class of the O. N. S., was a guest of Miss Catherine Graves, another Multnomah daughter, for a few days. Miss Stafford was delighted to meet her old friends and also to note the progress the school has made in the past few years.

Mrs. Ausmus, jolliest of all the Multnomahs, spent several days in Salem visiting friends.

The Multnomahs wish to thank Miss Parrott for the use of her room in which to transact the weighty business continually coming before them.

One evening, as Miss Nettie Rankin and a friend were going home from a dancing party, she decided to reach the bottom of a certain flight of steps, first. Well—she did! With dire results.

+ +

### ***Tale of a Goat***

Perchance you may be lucky  
And privileged to gloat;  
But be careful how you tell it,  
Or Multnomah'll get your goat.

If, in the distant future  
You wish to make a float,  
Take warning! Watch the redmen!  
They're sure to get your goat.

Now this is only nonsense,  
Don't mind their "dos" and "dids,"  
For the goat is far more happy  
With these Multnomah kids.

—A Nony Mouse.

+ +

### ***The Leaders' Will***

Whereas, it has been the custom for those who have suffered

in the Halls of Learning of Monmouth Normal School, who have been blessed with knowledge, property, real or otherwise, to will and bequeath to their groups of friends such things as may be considered worth having.

Whereas, inasmuch as our delegation has won great honors and accumulated vast knowledge by their efforts, and

Whereas, we are about to lose all privileges pertaining to Normal students.

Whereas, we believe that our attainments will be valuable to those to whom they are bequeathed as the unrivaled riches of earth. We the members of the Multnomah delegation, otherwise called "The Leaders" of the Oregon Normal School, with great pleasure and absolutely without any regrets, hereby will and bequeath to our friends, all property herein mentioned as follows:

First: To the "Yawas" we give a share in our good humor.

Second: To the "Crater Lakes," we give our beloved "Nanny Goat," who we feel sure will love and cherish it till death doth them part.

Third: To the "Mt. Hoods" we give a share in our leadership of the world as they are suitably located to have a broad outlook on life.

Fourth: To the "Pacific Mermaids," we give our One Man, who we hope will be careful of his health.

Fifth: To the "Becolinns" we give absolute right over the "Stolen Banner."

Sixth: To the Coos' and Douglas' we bequeath first place in the next procession.

Seventh: To the "Blue Ribbons" we give the use of the Normal Gymnasium for future meetings and schemes.

Eighth: To our dear neighbors "Clackamas and Marion" we will some of our enthusiasm.

Ninth: To the "Lane Tanos" we bequeath a share in our inspirations.

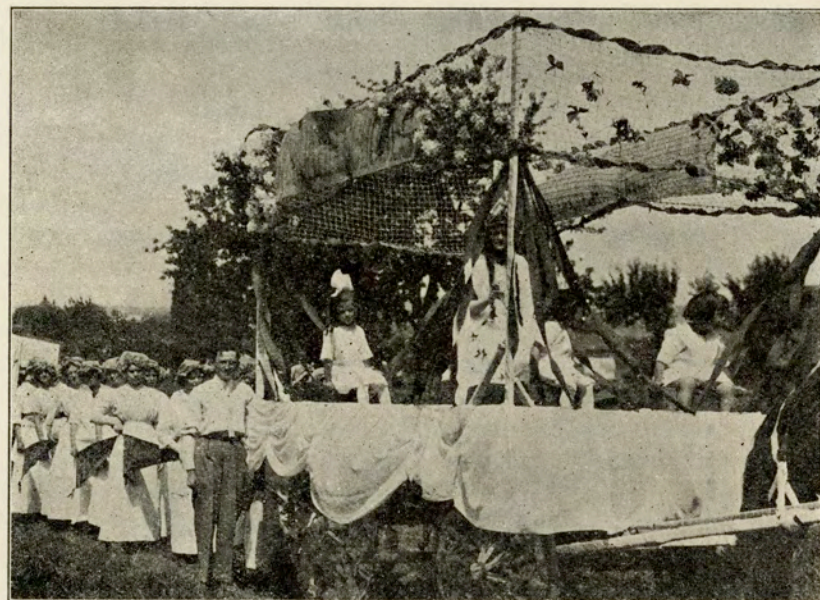
Tenth: To the "Sagers," who seemed to have so many squabbles, we will a large share of loyalty and co-operation.

Eleventh: To the future students of the Normal we gladly will a share in our obedience to the faculty.

In Testimony Whereof, being sound of mind, we the Leaders, do this fifteenth day of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and fourteen, affix our signature to this, our last will and testament, and take oath as to its being correct.

Signed—*The Leader.*





### Polk County Stunt

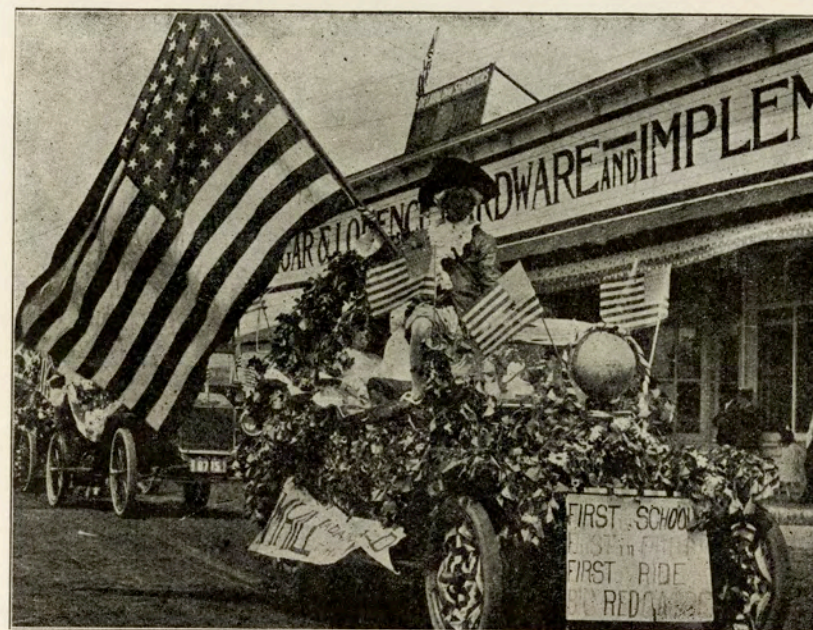
Now for Polk's stunt of Brownies fourteen,  
A performance more clever has never been seen.  
Each Brownie was half red and half blue—  
With ruffles and frills and curliques new.

On feet, nee hands, were baby's shoe,  
Red and blue were they too.  
On head they wore a black stocking cap,  
And surely each was a cute little "chap."

For capers and stunts were no end of *bunts*,  
For counties, Yamhillers, Washingtonians and other such  
chumps.

Thus they continued the jig,  
Till each had his own little dig.

Now, *Bencolinn* thought 'twas theirn,  
This Blue Ribbon that we're bearin—  
But ours it is, ours it will be  
Until quite the end of Eternity.



### The Yawas

By some great unknown attraction the Yamhillites and Washingtonites were assembled together and united under the name Yawa. The following officers were elected: Mr. Jack, president; Miss Huss, vice president, and Miss Parker, secretary. It would not do to tell all we did, and all we had to eat for there are some who would like to be Yawas but their privilege was merely to pass through on the "red cars."

Under the management of Miss Rees, a float was arranged for the parade on the Fourth. The Yamhillites carried the world before them and the Washingtonites had their George. But the goat? Oh, that belonged to Mr. Gentle.

Yamhill's goat appeared later, on Stunt Day and did surely put the wee goat in the shade. Under the leadership of the enthusiastic Miss Farnham, the well trained pygmies with their clever limericks caused much merriment.

We wish to thank Mr. Pittman for his courteous and hasty exit from his room whenever the Yawas approached for assemblage.





### *The Crater Lakes*

Southern Oregon was well represented in the big Fourth of July celebration in Monmouth. The combined efforts of Josephine, Jackson and Klamath counties produced a feature which was more commented upon than any other part of the parade. They were represented by a large float drawn by four splendid draft horses.

On an elevation in the center rested an immense cheese five-feet in diameter, labeled "Klamath"; a Rogue River pear eight feet long, bearing a Medford pennant; and a bunch of grapes, four feet long, representing Josephine county. The whole was gaily decorated with bunting and pennants. Literature, received from the commercial clubs at Klamath Falls, Medford and Grants Pass was distributed by the thirty-two teachers from Southern Oregon who rode upon the float.

July the eighteenth was "Stunt Day" at the Normal. The feature from "The Crater Lakes" was a character dance. First, came the Empress Josephine (Lora Cuch) and her maidens, who rehearsed a minut; next, the stern old statesman Andrew Jackson (Marian White) was entertained by the lively Virginia reel; then came the Indian warrior Chief Klamath (Hilda Brooten).



### *Clackamas and Marion Notes*

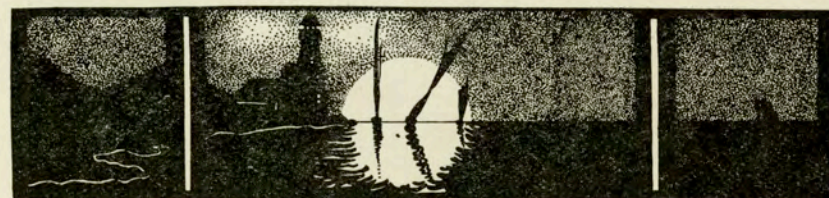
Come, ye counties great and small,  
Listen to the records all,  
And their deeds you will recall—  
Clackamas and Marion.  
Kind that wins where'er they go.  
At parade they were not slow;  
Misses Uhlen, Welch also,  
And Miss Osborne,—yes, we know  
Such committee none can show.

All of us hard work did do,  
Numbers were so very few.  
Did our pretty float please you?

Misses Dimick, Hargreaves, Denny,  
And Miss Welch planned for the many.  
Rah! That suffrage stunt was funny!  
In the work we never swerve,  
On picnic day we lose reserve.  
Now, this we say, "We pull to serve."

—C. S.





LIGHTHOUSE, NEWPORT OREGON

Jessie B. Andrews, 10

### Bencolinn

Behold the great Three! Distinguished not for great hordes that have poured forth from their dwelling places in our counties to surge upon this citadel of learning, for why need we great numbers when we have easily won our enviable place among the county divisions by our wit, good looks, talents and a dozen other virtues, the mere mention of which immediately calls up the names emblazoned upon Bencolinn's shining record of membership. After hearing our euphonious name, it is scarcely necessary to state that Benton, Lincoln and Linn counties are those from which our fair damsels and gloriously many and gallant pedagogues have hailed.

To these last named, our pride and joy and everlasting claim to fame and greatness, were all other qualifications swept away, we would courteously, emphatically, unrestrainedly, constantly and continuously call your most respectful attention, for in what other division do you find, in such large proportion, that rare inhabitant of Normals—that "halo-ed" object of ye isolated school marm's college or training school—ye man.

Who else can furnish "Winter" in the midst of summer session? Who can produce from their number any one who, awake or asleep, is still "Goin"? Whose "Cady"ence is equal to that of ours in "I've lost my goat" (Stunt evening)? Who can lay claim to J. Pierpont's royal line and art treasures but A. Morgan? Moreover, there is no man like our "Yeo-man"! Who can boast of a man for your president and a playwright into the bargain? (Observe Stunt programme). Who presides at the piano at chapel but a fair daughter of Bencolinn? What "White" girl eclipses ours at all the Arts!

Who rises to the occasion and supports the Norm if not Becolinn! (Observe prize story contest) and "Don't tell me in

mournful numbers" that Bencolinn cannot produce stanzas worth reading.

Last but not least, where will you find a happier and more appreciative crowd of all O. N. S. stands for to them as individuals and to the future welfare of the great school movement of our state?

*Herbert H. Matthews*, President.

*Esther Bentley*, Secretary

*Bessie M. Thorp*, Norm Reporter.

✦ ✦

### "STUNT" EVENING

Perhaps in all our country no state has such a diversity of regions as our own Oregon. From Malheur to the mouth of the Columbia, from the wheat fields of Umatilla to the wild woodland of the lower Rogue there is a refreshing change in almost every district. It was with this variety of rival attractions in mind that Bencolinn staged her "stunt." Conceive of all the sections of Oregon met together before the tribunal of "Mother Oregon" to present their claims to fame and first place. Then of course a few of the things that happened at the '14 Summer School were too good to be passed by, and these as well as the well-known characteristics went to make up "Bencolinn."

This effort to have you "See yourself as others see you"—sometimes, was given with kindest regards and best wishes to all.

#### CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mother Oregon .....	Esther Bentley
Bencolinn .....	Gertrude Robnett
Albany .....	Ellen Bentley
Corvallis .....	W. S. Morgan
Yaquina .....	Aileen Gaither
Pacific Ocean .....	J. S. Goin
Forest .....	Ada Kackley
Rogue River .....	Ida Ehrenrich
Eastern Oregon .....	R. R. Yeoman
Multnomah .....	George C. Winters
Yamhill .....	C. E. Cady
Initiative .....	Agnes Freeman
Referendum .....	Nellie Young



### Lane Tano Club Items

The success of the parade on the Fourth was certainly due to the "Lane Tano Club." With their artistic arrangement of colors, excellent marching and enthusiastic teachers. They were awarded the highest praises. Lane believes in doing things in the right way. Other counties have long known this fact and, as a result, are taking us for their example. Polk, however, in addition to this has taken the O. A. C. milk testers to aid their youthful teachers in absorbing Lane's ideas.

Probably the jolliest time of the school year took place July seventh, when the "Lane Tano Club" enjoyed a hayrack ride to Rickreall. This was the first county picnic to take place. The girls had prepared an elaborate luncheon and with the assistance of the male members of the party succeeded in safely storing away the eats. On the way home we realized the popularity of our Tano songs as eager listeners could be seen in every window and doorway as we passed.

\* \*

### THE TANO STUNT

At the call of Chief Tano all the tribes of Oregon were gathered together in a great meeting on July 18th. Among the chiefs present were: Chief Tano, S. W. Hanns; Chief Multnomah, Mr. Beck; Chief Yawa, Miss M. Copenhaver; Chief Hood, Henry Chezam; Chief Wallowa, Miss Holdredge; Chief Polk, Mr. Wills; Chief Bencolinn, Miss Bartlett; Chief Mariclack, Miss Inman; Chief Umqua, Miss Fonda; Chief Tillamook, Miss Tronson; Chief Klamath, Miss Grace Male. Due to the rebellious nature of the chiefs, Polk, Yawa and Multnomah, submission had to be forced. The great Tano tribe now controls the Oregon, where annual festivities shall be held.

To satisfy our inquisitive friends concerning our title, you will readily see that There-Are-No-Others.

### Eastern Oregon

Members of the Eastern Oregon division, comprising the counties of Malheur, Umatilla, Grant, Crook, Harney, Union, Baker and Gilliam, organized during the first week of the session, electing Miss Florence Moffet of Malheur, president; Miss Irene DeArmond of Umatilla, secretary, and C. L. McCarthy of Crook, reporter. Our complete roster appears elsewhere in this paper.

Although life and work at the Normal was new to most of us, we lost no time in becoming acquainted with each other and with our fellow students, catching the Normal spirit, and getting in the very front rank of the army of teachers here assembled for the purpose of preparing to serve the state more efficiently.

Yes, fellow teachers and faculty, we are delightfully pleased. A new and broader vision is ours. During the coming year many of us will teach rural schools in the land where sagebrush and juniper contend for the mastery of flats, mesas and buttes; and in the land where coyotes, rabbits and sage-rats have their homes in the immediate vicinity of the school house. Yet, in this sparsely settled region, hundreds of bright boys and girls are waiting for higher ideals and broader views of life which we now feel immeasurably better able to give them. There, let us say with Van Dyke, "Let me but do *my* work \* \* \*

C. L. McCarthy, Reporter.

\* \*

Sagers! Yes, "Sagers" we are called, but, judging from our performances on "Stunt Day," we have apparently missed our vocation. To say that we East Oregonians sustained our reputation for vivacity and originality is putting it mildly indeed. The principal feature of our memorable demonstration was the appearance extraordinary of Professor Schzinswesky's renowned troupe of miniature performers and jesters which consists of a violinist, a precocious speaker, a juggler of mosquitoes' eyebrows and frog hair, a reader of negro dialect, and a local joker who had the audacity to greatly embarrass the faculty by appropriate and well-directed, but harmless, quotations.



### Dormitory Notes

There is a strangely vacant, grass-grown space to the south of the Normal grove. Time was when a hungry student band was wont to gather at mealtime in a rambling white frame structure that occupied this particular spot. Now the old Dining Hall has passed into oblivion, and for the first time in the history of the Oregon Normal the summer students are privileged to enjoy the cheery life of a real Normal Dormitory.

Perhaps the best proof of the popularity which the Dormitory has attained is the fact that at present one hundred eight girls are living in this student home, and one hundred twenty are being served in the dining room although originally provision had been made for only eighty-five. Those of us who managed to secure rooms, even for the short summer session, are indeed fortunate. Comfort, cleanliness, and good meals well served are always a valuable consideration. Add to this the companionship of interested workers and surrounded the whole with a pleasant, homey atmosphere which only our capable, sympathetic matron has the faculty to create, and the result is bound to be satisfactory.

The summer girls of 1914 are in hearty accord in pronouncing it a great success.

—L. S. '06.

\* \*

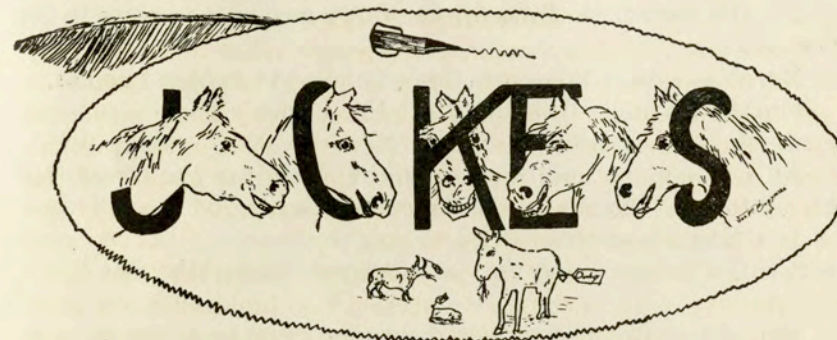
### Glee Club

The Glee Clubs of the summer session are well organized and are doing good work under the leadership of Miss Hoham. The Girls' Glee Club has about seventy-five members; the Men's Glee Club has, as yet, a smaller membership.

Miss Hoham is using the Victrola to add interest to the work by demonstrating the voice culture of great artists and the interpretations they give to their selections.

The Glee Clubs helped greatly in making the Fourth of July celebration a success. They led the audience in the singing of patriotic selections, and gave as a special number Mendelssohn's "Greeting."

Voice culture occupies some time at the beginning of each lesson, before the work is begun on the musical selection. Under Miss Hoham's enthusiastic direction the Glee Clubs will be prepared for a second appearance in public before the end of the summer session.



Misses Butler, West and the President  
An auto each has bought,  
And now they look for "crankers"  
To start them like they ought.

◇ ◇

Willie (to papa who is reading)—Papa, what does Trans Atlantic mean?

Papa—Willie, Trans Atlantic means across the Atlantic. Now don't bother me again.

Willie (later)—Well, Papa, does transparent mean a cross parent?

◇ ◇

Miss Arbuthnot (in writing class)—Take this exercise for relaxing the muscles. Raise the arms above the head; lower them until the elbows rest naturally upon the corners of the floor.

◇ ◇

Alice Grant of the Domestic Science class wants to know if Spearmint gum will keep its flavor on the bedpost over night.

◇ ◇

Miss Parrot—Mr. Bolen, tell us about the Pilgrims' first winter in America.

Mr. Bolen—It was very severe, as I recollect.

◇ ◇

A boy upon being asked how many sides a circle had, said two. Of course every one laughed, but when asked to name them he said the "inside" and "outside."

◇ ◇

Mr. Butler (when bell rings for dismissal)—Oh! dear!



Martha Bartell (looking for Yamhill's goat)—I've come to get your goat.

Mr. W.—I don't know whether you can get my goat or not.

Martha Bartell—Well, we'll get Mr. Gentle's goat.

An Englishman once inquired of an American the reason for the mixture of designs in the American flag. The answer was: "A few Englishmen once tried to run this country, but we gave them a few 'stripes' and they saw 'stars.' Hence the flag."

Nervous girl at Dorm—"It makes me nervous to eat with so much noise."

Practical student—"Eat with your fork."

Miss Oaks—"I hear you're interested in Art, Jessie."

Miss McCann—"Art? Art who?"

Miss Libby Smith as "Gubba" in Miss Davis' class (entering hurriedly in great consternation)—"Run, Greta, run! The Danes! The Danes! We're lost!" At this crucial moment Mr. Ackerman and Dr. Sheldon entered amidst a burst of applause from the class.

Johnnie had gone to school for one day. His mother asked him if he learned anything. He said, "Naw. A woman stood up in the front of the room and asked me how to spell cat and I told her."

Student in Agriculture—"Mr. Gilmore, may I bring this mole in your room?"

Mr. Gilmore—"Yes, if it is a cultured one."

Enthusiastic rooter at ball game—"Airlie, make a home run or not a girl from Multnomah county will smile at you again."

Little boy (surveying the Multnomah group)—"O, gee, see what they'd miss!?!?"

Miss Davis—"What other fruit do we find where dates grow?"

B. C. (dreamily)—"Pears."

For Sale—Fine hair switches. For information see Mr. Bixby.

Young Lady—"I have heard of pupils falling in love with their teacher."

Young man—"And I have heard of some teachers falling in love with their pupils."

#### WAR

Lane County against the South.

Cause—Tag.

Result—General Pittman got his headlights put out.

Mr. Gentle (just before noon)—"Why does Austria have such a time to control Hungary?"

Miss Hodder—"Because Turkey is underneath."

Why do the girls pass Mr. Dunham on so soon? They have Dunham (done him).

Information Wanted—Where does Mr. McCarthy go on school gardening day?

Miss Dawson (to student in T. D.)—"How would you present the orange to first grade pupils?"

Student—"I would show them an orange. Then I would ask them what color it is when it is ripe and what color it is when it is green."

Miss Hoham in music—"When you come to T-sharp, give it a sharp name."

Miss Lets-catch-him (in R. P.)—"Didn't you have any playmates when you were young?"

Mr. Loneman—"No. How could you expect me to have? I was the only one in a family of fourteen."

Miss Taylor (in Gymnastics)—"Inhale! Expire!"

Lane County representatives should be named "Night Owls" as they are very noisy when out at night.



### My Work

Let me but do my work from day to day,  
 In field or forest, at desk or loom,  
 In roaring market place, or tranquil room;  
 Let me but find it in my heart to say,  
 When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,  
 "This is my work, my blessing, not my doom,  
 Of all who live, I am the one by whom  
 This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,  
 To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;  
 Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,  
 And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall  
 At eventide, to play and love and rest,  
 Because I know for me my work is best.

—Henry van Dyke.

+ +

### NORMAL SCHOOL LIFE

First Person (who has been sleeping on his trousers to press them)—"Will you sleep on my trousers tonight?"

Second Person—"Why don't you?"

First Person—"Well, you are ten pounds heavier than I."

◇ ◇

Miss McIntosh's Grammar Method students are suitably compared to machinery:—The young or new are seldom heard, while the old are always rattling.

◇ ◇

Miss Butler (in Domestic Science)—"Now, girls, the carbohydrates are the foodstuffs that adjust the carborator."

### Summer School Roll 1914

Albin, Celeste, 1411 Michigan Ave., Portland	Bruce, Sadie, McMinnville
Alexander, Harriet, The Dalles	Barbree, Veda, Springfield
Allen, Jane C., Prineville	Boone, Elva, Monmouth
Allis, Mildred, Corvallis	Bell, Lyda, Monmouth
Allis, Irene, Corvallis	Balderree, Beulah, Dallas
Allen, Martha, Nehalem	Bennett, Greta, Dallas
Atkinson, Edith, Walton	Brown, Claudia, Dallas
Anderson, Phina, Nightingale, Alta.	Bloyd, Zoa, Hillsboro
Armstrong, Jessie, 22 E. 16th St., Portland	Bell, J. C., Monmouth
Anderson, Jean, The Vogue, Pendle- ton	Brinker, Vivian, Freewater
Andrews, Marguerita, Corvallis	Burrow, Clayton, Oak Grove
Angel, Rachel, Newport	Bartell, Martha, 4242 48th Ave., Portland
Anunsen Ruth, 475 Vancouver Ave., Portland	Bortner, Dora, McCook, Neb.
Anderson, Wesley, Metolius	Brennan, Maude, Beaverton
Aylesworth, C. H., Junction City	Bixby, R. S., Freewater
Andrews, Marie, Corvallis	Burnham, Carrie, Arlington
Ausmus, Mrs. L. W., 1199 ½ Haw- thorne Ave., Portland	Bride, Mrs., Lee Center, Ill.
Beck, G. T., Eugene	Bossen, Jennie, Florence
Benner, James, Lebanon	Banks, Marguereta, 507 E. Washing- ton St., Portland
Boyle, Grace, Canyonville	Bowland, John, Oregon City
Bell, Orpha, 1061 Union St., Salem	Bonney, Bessie, Tygh Valley
Boydell, Eva, Nyssa	Brosius, Florence, Hood River
Blodgett, Edna, Nyssa	Chandler, Myrtle, Elgin
Bryant, Della, Myrtle Point	Condon, Edna, N. Lawrence, Eugene
Barton, Nellie, Myrtle Point	Conklin, Irene, 247 Bond, Astoria
Bailey, Mamie, The Dalles	Christensen, Anna, Haines
Borsch, Katherine, Hillsdale	Christensen, Nellie, Haines
Buell, Florence, Grants Pass	Clark, Bertha, Salem
Biddle, Gladys, LaFayette	Clausen, Emma, The Dalles
Buell, Edith, 1011 Mill St., Eugene	Coats, Bertha, Ten Mile
Ballard, Roberta, Rickreall	Close, Frieda, Wilderville
Bentley, Esther, Newport	Clark, Mrs. M. E., Willows
Bentley, Ellen, Newport	Clark, Anna, Rufus
Butler, Zelma, Ballston	Copenhaver, Myrtle, Springfield
Bartlett, Frances, Springfield	Copenhaver, Myrtle, Springfield
	Collins, Nellie, Columbia, Mo.
	Chezem, Henry, Creswell
	Couch, Lora, Jacksonville



Bellinger, Clara, Rufus  
 Buchanan, Avis, Avalon Way, Hood River  
 Bayly, Carrie, Eugene  
 Bayly, Winnie, Eugene  
 Bevans, Nell, 181 N. 16th St., Portland  
 Benson, Rhea, 494 Sherett, Portland  
 Brooten, Hilda, Corning, Cal.  
 Bailey, Laurose, Ontario  
 Boehm, Ora, Talmeage  
 Bash, Margaret, Nehalem  
 Carverhill, W. S., Long Creek  
 Carter, Agnes, McMinnville  
 Childs, Gladys, Independence  
 Coryell, Ruby, 1029 E. Madison, Portland  
 Clark, Eva, 116 Mohaut, St. Johns  
 Cramer, Jeannette, Grants Pass  
 Carson, Ida, Springfield  
 Cornelison, Edith, Portland  
 Cooper, D. E., Monmouth  
 Clark, Ruth, 728 E. 8th St., Portland  
 Caldwell, Elsie, Beaverton  
 Cady, C. E., Holley  
 Cameron, Clem, 702 E. 30th N., Portland  
 Cousins, May, 27 E. 75th, Portland  
 Costello, Edith, 554 East Ash, Portland  
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 Carmichael, Edna, Lexington  
 Cuthbert Effie, Independence  
 Crapson, Lilly, Queen City, Mo.  
 Crapson, Susie, Queen City, Mo.  
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 Forbes, Virginia, Nyssa  
 Farnham, Grace, Willimina  
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 Gerking, Martha, Enterprise  
 Graves, Elizabeth, Eugene

Grant, Alice, Dallas  
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 Schmidli, Carmen, Oregon City  
 Steinberg, Orrie, Monmouth  
 Smith, Mabel, Mosquite  
 Smith, Bonnie, Buena Vista  
 Starr, Mrs. Alice, Roseberg  
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| Tuttle, Myrtle, Dryden                            | Whealey, Bessie, Shaniko                              |
| Tronson, Ida, Eugene                              | Wimberly, Mrs. Laura, Myrtle Point                    |
| Tronson, Nettie, Eugene                           | Wilson, Belle, Harrisburg                             |
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| Thompson, Helen, Marienville, Pa.                 | Wills, Josiah, Monmouth                               |
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|   | Young, Nellie, Crabtree                               |
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